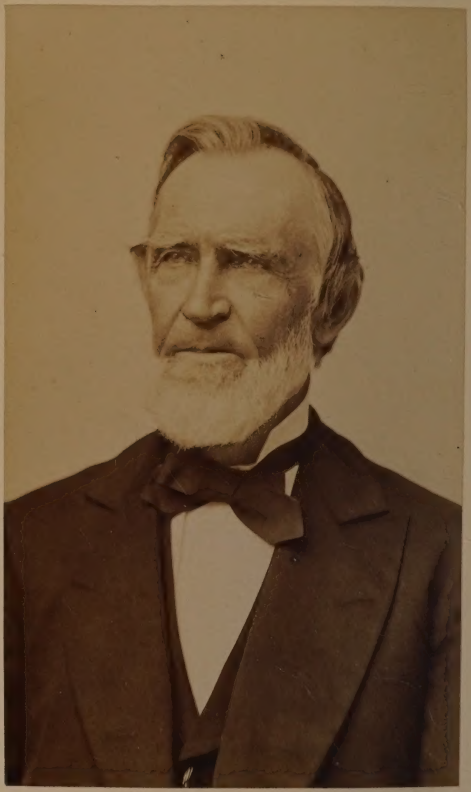
M. N. Morris.

M. L. Whitman



MEMORIAL

OF

REV. MYRON NEWTON MORRIS.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

West Hartford, Conn.

HARTFORD, CONN.:
PRESS OF THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD COMPANY.
1886.

The following vote, passed by the Congregational church of West Hartford, Conn., sets forth the origin of this memorial.

WHEREAS, A desire has been expressed by many members of this church that some fitting memorial be prepared of the late Rev. Myron Newton Morris, for so many years our beloved pastor, therefore :

Resolved, That we hereby extend an invitation to the members of his family to furnish such a sketch of his life and work, to be published by this church, as shall be most acceptable to them.

Resolved, That Messrs. Charles C. Stearns, Henry Talcott, and William H. Hall, be a committee to act in behalf of the church in conferring with the family and in securing the publication and distribution of this volume.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I.

Early Life. — 1810 to 1832.

How shall we sketch this even, unpretending life? Standing upon the threshold of the home, how shall we speak rightly to the public, and at the same time do justice to him who never dreamed, probably, that so much as the present volume would be dedicated to his memory; whose keen sense of truth and worth and distrust of human praise were such as to lead him to exclaim, long time ago, "I hope nobody will ever eulogize me"? We have hesitated, but for these many hearts who wish to keep his memory bright, rehearse the simple story.

Myron Newton Morris came from Warren, one of the "hill towns" of Connecticut, in Litchfield county. He was born Nov. 19, 1810. His father was a farmer, at that time located on "College Farms," one of five large tracts of land, of three hundred acres each, deeded by the State to Yale College, in 1741. The old house is still standing, a little one-story dwelling, brown and

weather-worn, and still suggesting a snug and humble comfort. We may imagine gathered about the ample fireplace, on a winter's night, Newton John Morris, his wife, Eunice Newton, and, besides the little newcomer, three children, — Abigail, Garry, and Polly, whose ages were respectively seventeen, sixteen, and eight. The other children, much older, had been for some time living away. They were John, thirty-two, and Any, twenty-four.

Not long after the important event which we have just recorded, the family removed to more commodious quarters in a new house of their own. This had been built on a farm of two hundred acres, consisting mostly of wild and wooded land, which furnished solid work enough to stir the energies of all concerned. It lay in "West District," some mile and a half from Warren meeting-house. Here the boy Myron grew up, learning early to labor with his hands, and acquiring something of that New England pluck which comes to those whose lot it is to bend the back to toil and wrestle with the tough old oaks.

Of Newton John Morris and his wife, we know that they were upright, Christian people, tenacious of the old beliefs, appreciating their church privileges, holding regularly their family worship, keeping strictly their Saturday night, and instilling their children's minds with notions of usefulness and duty. They were large of stature, and surrounded themselves with a family doing honor in this respect to the parental stock.

Mr. Morris once said, speaking of his descent, and referring particularly to the Morris side, "I do not know much about my ancestors, but, so far as I can learn, they were *all honest*." This is much to know. Taking up the research later, he was able to discover a most worthy source. His father, who, by the way, was married twice, Myron being the last child by the second marriage, was, before the birth of his children, a soldier of the Revolution. Of his grandfather, Mr. Morris says in a note, which we find under date of 1840, "My paternal grandfather, John Morris, and his wife, Sybil Newton, resided at Milford, Conn., and afterwards removed to Ridgefield, in that State. He was a weaver by trade, cloth of domestic manufacture at that time being generally woven by men who had served a regular apprenticeship in the business, and went about from house to house to do their work, as carpenters and masons and some shoemakers do at the present day. He sometimes went a voyage to sea. They both lived to a good old age. I never saw either of them, nor do I know at what age they died; but when my father was seventy years old he supposed that his mother was still living. My impression is that my grandfather was somewhat severe with his children, but a very kind and generous-hearted man, greatly preferring to *live well* with his family and neighbors to laying up property; so that, with his careless and rather adventurous spirit, he was generally poor."

That one should "suppose" that his mother was

still living may seem a trifle strange; but she was quite possibly with some other of her children in the "far west" of New York State, or even at some then remote section of Connecticut. Mails were not frequent then, as they are to-day. Most of the old letters begin, "Having an opportunity to send by So-and-So, who is going to-morrow," etc., etc.

Mr. Morris's maternal grandfather, John Newton, and his paternal grandmother, Sybil Newton, were brother and sister, and were the great-great-grand-children of the famous Rev. Thomas Hooker, the pioneer minister of Connecticut, his eldest daughter, Mary, having married Rev. Roger Newton, who was ordained at Farmington October 13, 1652, was installed at Milford in 1660, and died June 7, 1683. It will be seen that Mr. Morris was the inheritor, by a double line, of ministerial blood.

The influences of his native town were various. There were hard characters there, such as frequently gather in the country villages, the liquor interest was often very strong, and many an exciting time was had about the tavern, upon which the sober church looked down reprovingly. The hotness of these conflicts may be imagined when it is told that a certain deacon held out against the Cold Water Society so stoutly that some of the younger members were moved to steal away his sign, and to commit other acts of semi-riotous nature from time to time, in order to give emphasis to their ultra sentiments. But that Warren church, set upon its hill, had always strength to wage its earnest

conflicts, though with foes without or foes within. It was the "mother church" of such men as Charles G. Finney, Julian M. Sturtevant, John L. Taylor, and scores of humbler names, who made their beginning here as valiant soldiers. Peter Starr was its minister from March, 1772, until his death in July, 1829, and under him were powerful revivals in 1783, 1799, and 1821. Mr. Morris became a member of this church in 1831, not with any suddenness of "experience," or overflowing of emotion, but as the result of a calm resolve which had its source in early childhood and took strength with rising years.

From the first he was thoughtful, studious, and manly. His mind was of that mature sort which weighed its purposes and set diligently about its work. Cradled in devoutness, and nursed in soundness of the ancient doctrines, a prompting to religious things seemed in his native air as well as flowing in his veins. From his steady habits and reflective ways he earned the title of "Father Morris" while at the village school, and applied himself to lessons often while the others played. But he found chances from time to time to fish in Waremaug Lake and Spectacle Pond, and bore through life the mark of at least one youthful exploit in the way of coasting, a scar across his throat, cut by one of those ugly, crooked fences which often stride so inconveniently athwart one's path.

He was a bashful boy, and many a time went hard with him, requiring all his resolution to bear him through. He looked forward to a time when he should

move in wider circles and overcome this natural timidity, not alone for selfish ends, but that his usefulness might be increased. At length, having gained an impetus from the privileges of the district school and "Select Academy," the latter occupying what is now known as the Town Hall, he got permission to go away from home and teach, the condition being that the wages earned should be paid into the home treasury, he being then under age. So in the fall of 1828 he secured a school at Union Vale, Dutchess County, N. Y. And now begins a series of letters, which we are fortunate to have in our possession, written for the most part to his two sisters who were at home, and throwing much light upon those early days. They show here and there a sportive tendency, many a joke plying its way back and forth amid more serious matters. Just one is written to his father and mother. It gives an account of his experience upon taking charge of the school, and is interesting as showing that polite, filial regard which is none too common in these "more enlightened" days, being addressed to his "Worthy Parents," and signed "Yours Respectfully." He "sends" it by Mr. Carter, and says that he has begun school on a rainy day with seventeen scholars. Merville Saunders has obtained a school "in Freedom at twelve dollars a month," which we judge to be about the common wages. Of course they "boarded around." Mr. Morris has no sooner commenced his duties as a teacher than he takes an interest in a "Christian Meeting" which he

hears of in the neighborhood, and which he finds to be much like the Methodist meetings which he has previously known His watch, which figures conspicuously on several occasions, is humorously described as a good one to close the session by, carrying itself, as watches are apt to do, in cases where economy perpetuates their services, quite independently of the regulator, and gaining "about half an hour in twenty-four."

Bent on securing an education for himself, he looks back, still with longing, from among his pupils to the academy at Warren, whose new term is just commencing.

Acquaintance widens as he goes from house to house, and an opportunity is afforded for studying human nature in its various forms. Sometimes the cautious citizens refuse to harbor him, and here and there a case becomes so desperate that he is obliged, by slow delay and careful tactics, to thaw out the coldness of his hosts until they come unconsciously to be his friends, and at last his welcoming entertainers.

Under date of December 11, 1828, after recording an increase in the number of his scholars to fifty-four, he says, "I will tell you just what I think about teaching school. It requires the patience of Job, and the wisdom of Solomon, together with a firm resolution that can not be shaken, and yet, to a person who has all those qualifications, there must be many trying seasons, especially where there are a great many small scholars." And he remarks, further along in the same

letter, that he is "just the person that don't begin to teach school and then back out," adding in language so true and forcible that we cannot forbear to reproduce it, "just so with any other scrape!" In January, 1829, he reports that his scholars number "upwards of seventy." The fall of that year, however, finds him teaching in Dover, N. Y. Frequent journeys home are made, many of them on foot, his length of limb, on which his sisters chaff him pleasantly, enabling him to take long strides and saving many a coach fare. They lead him through a country full of natural beauty. How many times in after years did he see again, in imagination, those hills and vales, clad in summer's green or white with snows of winter! But he does not always choose to walk. This is the prospectus of a business enterprise, in which profit and pleasure are to be combined: "Should the weather be favorable and the traveling good, I shall probably come home next week on Saturday or week after on Monday, and bring a small load of flour. I am to have the flour for three dollars per hundred, and the miller furnishes me with a horse and wagon to carry it. My principal object is to get a ride home, and if I could sell the flour for three dollars and twenty-five cents per hundred I should make a small profit. Mr. Washburn sells his flour for three dollars and twenty-five cents per hundred by the single bag, and as far as I can learn that is the stated price for small quantities."

The boy is coming fast to manhood. His mind expands and takes in all that offers in the way of wholesome information, and gives out as it may to

cheer or waken those around. One of his sisters, equally with himself, is of a religious turn of thought, and she looks with tenderest care after the morals of her young brother, who, in turn, confides to her his hopes and doubts, his triumphs or defeats, and his plans for future work, as Providence shall guide. During his stay at Dover, it seems that he is engaged in something which she designates as "debate meetings," held on Sunday nights, and she is much concerned lest such a course shall lead to an undervaluation of that sacred day. She writes him a long letter, in which she argues the case, closing with a quotation from a hymn, and inserting, on a sheet of old-style, long letter-paper, sixty-four very closely written lines from "Dr. Scott's Explanatory Notes" upon the fourth commandment. It is possible that these debates were, in the minds of the participants, allowable after sundown; but we have not been able to ascertain their exact nature, or whether Dr. Scott's Notes broke them up.

Now comes a change affecting all. On January 14, 1830, the father of the family died at his home on the Warren farm. Mr. Morris must still be absent for a time to finish his term at Dover. Garry, who has been for some time right-hand man, is appointed executor of the will, and it is found that there is much question whether its provisions can be carried out and anything be left for him. What shall they do? The snow is on the ground, and the lots cannot be easily surveyed and set off with fairness, the spring work must be somehow arranged, and there is doubt as to

whether the whole should not be sold together. Polly beseeches Myron to come home and choose a guardian, while Abby urges that there must be mutual sacrifice, that we must "pray for grace, that we may be enabled to trust in the Lord with all our hearts," and that "riches are not essentially necessary to render us happy in this life, or to prepare us for happiness in the world to come."

A clause in the will reads as follows: "I give and bequeath unto my son, Myron Newton Morris, eight hundred dollars, to be paid to him in money or in land from my estate, at the appraisal of disinterested freeholders, to be named by my son Myron and my executor, said sum of eight hundred dollars to be paid to him at the time of my decease; and I do also give to my said son Myron one yoke of oxen, one horse, saddle, and bridle, all of the value of one hundred and fifty dollars, to be furnished to him by my executor in one year from my decease."

Here, then, was opportunity to go back to farming. Was not Warren as fair a place for usefulness as any? Did not duty plainly call him, too? His absence from home had been so far considered as merely temporary. So he at length consented to take the farm for a year or two, and being quite a manager, was able to straighten out some difficult matters, after which it was turned over again to Garry. How favorably or unfavorably for each affairs turned out at last we are unable at this late date to say. It is not probable that Mr. Morris started out either quite penniless, or oversupplied with funds.

II.

From School to Pulpit. — 1832 to 1846.

In May, 1832, having determined to fit for college, Mr. Morris placed himself under the instruction of Hon. Hawley Olmstead, at his school in Wilton, Conn., where he remained until August, 1833. He writes home May 12th that he is comfortably situated in a "large upper room, furnished," in a family who are connections of one of Andover's professors, that he has a good room-mate, and expects two more, and pays $1.50 per week for board and washing, finding his own fuel and lights. He says, after speaking of the good living furnished, "But I consider my board to be of minor importance. What I value most highly is, that I have got into a pious family, and that I have Christian companions. This was what I was most anxious about before I came here; for the thought that I might break loose from that restraint and reserve upon the subject of religion with which, partly my natural temper, but chiefly habit, had bound me, was not among the least of the causes that induced me to leave Warren. This restraint is probably as great a hindrance to usefulness as any one thing else."

In answer to an inquiry from his sister, later, as to how effectual his absence from home has been in the

matter last mentioned, he says, "I find myself too much disposed to fall in with any kind of conversation that may chance to come up; and I find it much easier to introduce any other topic than the one in question, especially when in company with those who are rather cold upon the subject. I might say that this is a constitutional defect; but I believe it was incorporated with the constitution by habit, and this habit is the result of choice. The choice may be in consequence of the fall of Adam, but not a *necessary* consequence of it. The fact is, constitutional failings affect everything alike, and *not* religion alone. And when I hear persons able to talk with freedom, in all places and at all times, upon secular subjects, but unable to say a word upon religious topics, I do not hesitate to say that this reserve is *not* a constitutional one. As to myself, I feel a greater freedom abroad than at home, but I fear that this diffidence or reserve will disqualify me for usefulness in the sphere of life which I had anticipated."

While thus mourning his shortcomings, he kept steadily on in Christian work, his letters showing a constant interest in the one great theme. A section of the town was destitute of a Sunday-school, and in this he labored, with other students, making a thorough canvass, and collecting large numbers who had not before been reached. This was under an impulse given by the American Sabbath-School Union, which organized about that time a grand simultaneous movement throughout the United States.

In October, 1833, Mr. Morris entered Yale College. A glad day indeed! looked forward to through years of toil and patience; dreamed of when he had listened to the wise words of men who had been to him examples, and pictured while delving in the wood and field! New scenes now open. New companions greet him day by day. New thoughts are stirred, and now and then new glories are perceived, as yet quite dimly, on the far horizon. Toil, toil, toil, he is at it yet as hard as on the farm. He rises at five in the morning, reads his Bible, goes to prayers at six, attends a recitation afterward, and at half-past seven takes breakfast. The bell for study rings at nine, but he usually commences "immediately after breakfast." After twelve he takes a little exercise, eats dinner at one, and though the study bell does not ring until two, he has been for some time at his books. So it goes through the day, prayers coming again at five, supper, and study hours again, until ten, when he retires. He says: "Some think this is being 'tied up,' but it is just such confinement as I like."

Who were the young men with whom he now came in contact? Some of them are mentioned later. We may here name, some well-known, formerly or at present, in Hartford, Walter Clarke, D.D., Rev. Joseph D. Hull, John Hooker, Edmund Terry; others of New Haven, Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Prof. Chester S. Lyman; and still others, Azariah Smith, M.D., James D. Whelpley, M.D., David B. Coe, D.D., Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, and Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, the latter not a graduate.

Most of the class were much younger than Mr. Morris, though there were some half-dozen of about his age, or older. "Father Morris" he soon becomes, as in the village school, from form and age, and serious manner. There was great variety of character, of course, among his associates, and, if often self-contained and silent, he was no less an acute observer of men. As to his influence upon them, let others speak who knew him there.

Hard work came to him as a "second nature," and, watching every moment while at college, he regrets the "waste of time" during vacations, which he spends with his relatives, who have now established a home in North Kent. The trips enliven him, however, and, taken as they are on foot and by stage, furnish the theme for many a curious comment.

The months move swiftly on, and we come now to December, 1835, where he playfully alludes to himself thus: "It seems that you hear of some of the *immortal honors* bestowed upon me in college. Yes! to take the first prize among forty noble writers!! O, it is enough to make a frog swell into an ox." And why should he not take real joy in this achievement? We suspect there was an humble exultation underneath the careless play of speech, and particularly, as in the same letter he goes back so naturally to the days of childhood. We present the picture of the old-time home as he has given it, and of the guileless boy, whose appellations, somewhat uncouth as they sound to-day, were as respectful then as those we choose to call polite.

"But a little while ago I was just beginning to make marks with a pen, and longing for the time when I should be 'big enough' to *cypher*. With what pleasure did I then sally forth, on such a morning as this, with John and Lyman and Abner, and all the boys, to sport on the ice, with only two fears to damp our joys, viz.: that we should be scolded for wearing out our shoes, and that 'Uncle Buel' would drive us out of his meadow. And then when the snow was too deep for my short legs, (which have now become so long as to surpass all snow drifts), I used to parch corn, or play checkers, or try to urge you or Polly to keep school, while I would hang upon the south-room closet door the end of the gourd handle, which I had mischievously taken from the spinning-wheel for a bell. And then, what pleasure I anticipated from those great 'slap-jacks' that we were to have for supper. What a festive board was that! I can almost see that great pewter platter heaped up with 'slap-jacks,' well buttered, and cut like pieces of pie, standing in the middle of our long table; on one side a plate of dried beef, and on the other a plate of cheese; at one end a glass of cider, and at the other a pitcher; and myself just old enough to have my place between 'Daddy' and 'Mammy,' and take a seat below Garry in the neighborhood of the bread-server and tea-pot. O those were golden days! but they are gone forever. I then thought that I had but little more to learn. Now years have passed away, and all things are changed. I have discovered my ignorance and resumed, in my 'old age,' the business of childhood."

The ladder of learning is being slowly climbed. Mr. Morris quite likely sees a contrast between his early surroundings and those of the present, as affecting the nobler things which he is intent to reach. But he has not cast off the old habits of frugality. They are largely from necessity, and partly, no doubt, from choice. Nor is he without companions in his economical attempts. Here is his account of living at one period of the college course: "I have become quite a temperance man. I am boarding in a club. We use neither tea nor coffee, drink nothing but cold water. We use but very little meat or butter, but molasses in abundance. We usually have hasty-pudding and molasses, or boiled rice and molasses, and bread for breakfast and supper, and codfish and potatoes for dinner. We sometimes, however, have roasted or boiled meat for dinner. We live so for two reasons, 1st, it is better for health, 2d, it is much cheaper. Each of us gives the woman 30 cents per week for cooking, the use of dishes, etc. She does not bake for us, we buy our bread of a baker."

Mr. Morris graduated from Yale College in August, 1837, receiving as his parting honor the second appointment, or salutatory. But he had been for some time principal of Bacon Academy, in Colchester, Conn., having secured the place through recommendation of the faculty of the college, in January. This was a position calculated to bring into play his utmost powers. Bacon Academy was the institution of the town, and its principal the "observed of all observers."

It had at this time about three hundred pupils, with four or five subordinate teachers, and was quite popular as a school in which to fit for college. It had a supporting fund of $35,000, and was free for the youth of Colchester, but its numbers were gathered from widely scattered sections of the country, many from the South. Those from out of town were considered as largely under the care of the principal, who, being necessarily brought much into contact also with the parents of the local pupils, had his ample share of responsibility. Mr. Morris was twice in charge of this Academy, from Feb. 1, 1837, to the close of the summer term in 1838, and from March, 1840, to the close of the summer term in 1843. In the interim he was instructor of "Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Scientific and Practical Agriculture," at the Teachers Academy, Andover, Mass. His classes were taught in practical surveying, and a farm connected with the institution afforded an opportunity for carrying out the training in the agricultural direction.

At Colchester, being much younger than his predecessor, Mr. Morris naturally found some admirers among the lady pupils. At the home of one of these he boarded, for in the term time the village was full of boarders and each household took its share. Under these circumstances acquaintance went on rapidly. The young lady writes to her brother, April 30, 1837: "Mr. Morris is very much liked as a teacher," and adds girlishly, for she was then just turned seventeen, some naturally occurring thoughts as to possibilities

— not for herself. Strange world this is! Before her eighteenth birthday came she was his wife, and writing to this same brother an account of the marriage of his "little sister," Julia Avery. She too was from ministerial stock, being the great-great-grand-daughter of Rev. John Owen of Center Groton, Conn., who was the son of Rev. John Owen, from Braintree, England, who in turn was the son of John Owen, D.D., the "great dissenter," and prominent theological writer, chaplain to Oliver Cromwell.

While at Colchester and Andover Mr. Morris improved all the extra time at his command in studying. He is not sure that teaching shall be his life-work. Not until July, 1839, do we find him consulting Dr. Edwards, at Andover, in regard to studying theology. In March, 1840, his journal records, "I am determined now to commence a short course of ecclesiastical history, and then, if prospects remain unchanged, take some system of theology." John L. Taylor has been his friend and correspondent from boyhood, and he consults him as to books, pursuing his studies quietly, yet with persistence. His efforts at gaining time are often quite amusing. Dec. 23, 1839, he records: "Rose at $3\frac{1}{2}$ this morning and studied French, — accomplished more before breakfast than I should have done in the whole day to have risen at $7\frac{1}{2}$. If one gains three hours a day for study by early rising, that will be a whole half year, at the rate of six hours a day, about enough for one to study. If this time were devoted to the study of languages, one new language

might be learned each year; or if to reading, what an immense fund of information might be acquired. How much of our lives we throw away! And how important that children should be taught to rise early."

Dec. 26th, he writes: "Rose at 4½, but soon found myself too dull to study to advantage; felt somewhat exhilirated by the idea of having risen early, which pleasure could not have been experienced by lying late in bed. I laid aside my French and took up a novel, 'Harry O'Reardon,' illustrating Irish feelings. Read this to advantage — became so interested that I finished it this afternoon. Such a change, when one is dull or indisposed, improves the mind more than the vain attempt to study, and relieves it more than idleness."

All through the winter months he rises at 5, at 3¼, at 4, at 3, and pursues his French and Greek, his readings on the "Divinity of Christ" and kindred themes, many times finding himself "too sleepy" and "too dull" to make the most of these repeated pilferings of time.

It may be said here that one of the peculiar customs which Mr. Morris found in vogue at Bacon Academy, was that of having recitations at 5 o'clock in the morning, the avowed object being to induce early rising. This worked well for those who wished to get their boarders out of bed, but was not popular among the citizens who sent their own children to the school, so after the first three summers he abandoned the plan, mainly on his own accountability.

Having started housekeeping, the family now try their hands at taking boarders, and Mr. Morris finally adds farming. There are difficulties in the way of combining diverse occupations. The pigs get out in the morning, the cows of the neighbors break into the corn during the school hours, and those belonging to the tired principal run away at night. There are fences to make, and barns to be repaired, the horse gets cast; and sameness in the daily routine is certainly avoided. July, 1841, Mr. Morris has an acre of potatoes, one of corn, two acres of oats, some turnips and beets, two cows, one horse, three pigs, ten fowls, and fifty chickens which are meeting sundry adverse fates.

In the fall of 1843, Mr. Morris' connection with Bacon Academy having been severed by his resignation, he is licensed to preach by the Association of New London County. From this time until January, 1845, he is engaged in farming, teaching private pupils, and supplying various pulpits. Then, leaving Colchester, he teaches the Academy at Norwich Town two terms, from January to September, and closes his services in this peculiar department of instruction. Henceforward his efforts are to be directed in the channel toward which his life has sensibly been tending since the time he bid good-bye to the old home and farm at Warren.

III.

In the Pulpit and Out, 1846 to 1885.

April 15, 1846, Mr. Morris was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in North Stonington, Conn., having preached there seven Sundays previously, mostly during the winter. His settlement in that place is traced by Rev. Thomas L. Shipman of Jewett City, Conn., in a letter which he sends us, to a circumstance, trifling in itself, which yet turned for life the fluctuating tide; for candidating and supplying were becoming a weariness and a discouragement. A ministers' meeting was to be held at New London. Mr. Morris had not planned to attend. He was then living at Norwich Town. Rev. Joseph Ayer, then of Hanover, who himself had been settled at North Stonington from 1825 to 1837, stopped in on his way and found Mr. Morris in the cellar laying down his winter supply of pork. Being urged to accompany Mr. Ayer, Mr. Morris consented, and preached at the New London meeting. Maj. T. W. Williams heard the sermon and suggested to his brother, Gen. Wm. Williams of Norwich, that Mr. Morris would be a good man for the North Stonington or "Milltown" church, they being natives of the place and much

interested in all its affairs. The end of it all was that he received the call, accepted, and remained to preach six years, during which time a new church was built and a new parsonage commenced, to be occupied, however, as affairs turned, by Mr. Morris's successor. The sermon alluded to was from 1st Timothy, iii, 15: "The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Mr. Shipman recalls that it was lost from the carriage on the return trip from New London, recovered by himself, and we find that it was used on several occasions.

Mr. Morris did not like often to repeat his sermons. The first one written was delivered at Colchester, Oct. 1, 1843, and was several times called upon. Its repetition was not always a success, as we learn from his journal. He says of it on one occasion, "Preached the first sermon I ever wrote, but failed to be interested myself, or to interest others. So I skipped over several places, and stopped six pages short of the end."

There were no marked incidents in Mr. Morris's stay at North Stonington. Respect for the house of God, which had lamentably depreciated, was gradually increased. Family quarrels of long standing were somewhat smoothed away. Interest in all good things was slowly becoming more manifest. The attachment of pastor and people, so necessary and so delightful, grew. But the three children were coming up rapidly and Mr. Morris was anxious to bring them under the best influences and to give them such an

education as could not well be obtained should the family remain where they were. For this and other reasons he became much perplexed about what course he should pursue. In 1851 two calls were received from the Congregational church in West Hartford, Conn., also a call to candidate in Bath, Me., and a proposition to take the Hartford High School. These were all declined. June 4, 1852, came a third call from West Hartford, which was accepted. There were many mourners in Milltown. Were they and their pastor not in full accord? Was not the new parsonage almost ready? Mr. Morris's plans were always conducted fairly with his people. From these good friends he had accepted much, yet with a perfect understanding. He had urged improvements, not for his own sake, but because they should be made. He greeted all with hearty welcome when they came with gifts, at the same time "telling them plainly," as was his wont, that such things must not interfere in any way with his "faithful dealing" toward them. Independence was his motto and frankness made it easy, so, despite the heartfelt kindnesses, the tender ties, the waiting parsonage and all, decision was made as duty seemed to call.

On July 1, 1852, Mr. Morris commenced his pastorate at West Hartford. Here was the scene of many changes. His wife, Julia, who had shared with him till now his joys and trials since college days, here was laid in last repose. Here a daughter and a son found partners for life's pilgrimage, and grandchildren grew

up. Here was his second marriage, and here, beside two little nameless infant graves, was buried George, almost a man in stature, at fifteen years of age. The uncertain steps which had led thus far were now to find a straighter course. Here was to be home, though none could see it at the first.

Mr. Morris was the eighth pastor of the West Hartford church, his predecessors having been as follows:

Rev. BENJAMIN COLTON,
Ordained February 24, 1713, Died March 1, 1759.
Rev. NATHANAEL HOOKER, JR.,
Ordained December 21, 1757, Died June 11, 1770.
Rev. NATHAN PERKINS, D.D.,
Ordained October 14, 1772, Died January 15, 1838.
Rev. CALEB S. HENRY,
Installed colleague June 12, 1833, Dismissed March 25, 1835.
Rev. EDWARD W. ANDREWS,
Ordained colleague Nov. 15, 1837, Dismissed Dec. 22, 1840.
Rev. GEORGE I. WOOD,
Installed November 9, 1841, Dismissed June 5, 1844.
Rev. DWIGHT M. SEWARD,
Installed January 14, 1845, Dismissed Dec. 18, 1850.

The Congregational church was then the only one in the place, the Episcopal being built in 1853, and the Baptist in 1858. An unwonted spectacle met the minister's family on the Sunday of their first appearance here. The old horse-sheds then stood just north of the parsonage, and the little "vestry" was on the corner. A few more horse-sheds were south of the church, the old white church, remember, now the Town Hall. The park was fenced, as were the

yards all up and down which now open on the street. As the hour for service approached, the wagons came pouring in from east and west and north and south. The vacant sheds were filled up rapidly. Around the park the horses stamped in long stretched lines. The scattered hitching-posts and trees did duty, and the fences lent their aid away up beyond the old brick school-house. It was an imposing sight. We began to realize that this was the "Center" of a wide-spread town. But sight-seeing was not for the minister's family alone. They were to be seen. So on they came, the tall, grave, smooth-faced man, his slight wife, with modest mien, a round-cheeked girl, a mischievous, red-haired boy, and a pale-browed, solemn little fellow; all clad in decent order, and marching in review before the interested citizens of the door-step, up the broad aisle, and into the front seat apportioned always to the pastor's use. How high the yellow pulpit rose! for all the space was used, to the last inch of floor-room, close to the brink of that dread desk. And how grand the choir was! "Uncle Thomas" Brace leading with his violin, a host on either side, and the "double-bass" viol sawing mightily in the rear. And what men were there? Capt. Mills, Capt. Selden, Capt. Flagg, Dea. Selden, Dea. Mitchell, Dea. Cone, Dea. Colton, Dea. Griswold, the Sedgwicks, the Elmers, the Whitings, the Gridleys, a Colonel, a Doctor; how big they were! Titled and untitled, heads of families and children, they formed a goodly array. Each family sat in its own established pew, its property. And what a time, later, in giving up those pews!

"Donation Parties" were well established here, as they had been in Milltown. When the time came 'round the people gathered with a will. They "brought gifts" and laid them in the parsonage and about the doors. A letter written by Mrs. Julia Morris to a friend, giving an account of one of these memorable events, will be interesting to peruse just here. Many will remember the peculiar incidents, and through them perhaps recall the actors. The account says that the people took advantage of fine sleighing and a full moon; about four in the afternoon "they began to pour in." We quote the letter:

Just at candle-light the first call was given to "come to tea." The table reached the whole length of the dining-room, and was loaded with the best which the West Hartford ladies could produce. There was a quantity of cake and biscuit. Some very nice apples, too, were set on, which helped to make a show. We sat down around the table, as thick as we could sit comfortably, and the tea and coffee was brought in from the kitchen and passed to each one. As soon as the first table-full had finished, the plates were changed and another set came and took their places, then another, and another, until all had been served. Then the tables were put away, and they visited, talked, laughed, and played, had several heads examined by a young Phrenologist that was here, sung some, and played on the melodeon.

Between eight and nine they were called to order, and the choir sung the good old hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," then they all listened to a short address from their Pastor, and a prayer.

More music was called for, and there was a young lady found who could play quite well on the melodeon. She commenced playing and singing, and the crowd gathered nearer and nearer to her, to listen. The instrument stood in the middle of the dining-room, and very soon the room was filled as full as it could

hold. On went the music, till suddenly a voice was raised at the door of our bed-room, calling, "Gentlemen! gentlemen!" I was then standing in a chair, surveying the crowd, and as I turned towards the voice, I saw Mr. Morris, with a very earnest look, making an effort to get the attention of all to some very important information. He says, "Gentlemen! I wish to put in a word. There is no occasion for alarm, but I wish to tell you that *this floor has settled about three inches*, and some of those standing here had better scatter gently to some of the other rooms." At this some laughed, others looked a little wild, and some seemed altogether indifferent, but most of them obeyed the advice to move off from the bending floor. They did it *gently*, according to orders, and no one was injured. A few still lingered about the music, the others enjoyed themselves in the other rooms as long as they pleased, and about ten the party broke up. There were probably over two hundred here. Some thought there were two hundred and fifty. They all seemed to enjoy it highly, and said it was the *largest* party they had ever had here.

And now you will ask, what did they leave behind them? Seven loads of wood to keep us warm, seven brooms to keep us clean, a lot of spare-ribs, a pork ham, a beef ham and a chicken, to keep us fat, a lot of butter and lard to smooth the way down our throats for all the other good things, some candles to cheer up our evenings, and to eat our nice apples and walnuts by, a good, stout pair of cotton sheets, a white cravat for the minister, and forty dollars cash to add to his stock of books — two large, valuable books were given him besides. The boys had a present of some live hens, with corn and oats to feed them. The biscuit we had left lasted a week and a half, and the cake will hold out a great while. I counted sixteen loaves the day after the party. Have distributed some of them around since. If you and P. were near enough, and H. too, you should each have a loaf. A lot of nice sweet-meats, too, stand side of the other good things, which I shall keep for special occasions. Mother and sister N. came over and helped us through.

Besides the articles mentioned, there were sausages, potatoes, a pair of slippers, a testament, and one load of wood, which slipped out of the account. Of meat there were forty-five and one-half pounds, butter forty-two pounds, lard fourteen pounds, apples three and one-half bushels, and so on. That was a royal party, and showed a generous spirit, which continued long after this peculiar "ordinance" had ceased to be.

These gatherings were annual, and there was a frequent interchange of hospitalities throughout the year, which helped pastor and parishioners to understand each other. But there were no two sides turned toward the people. Anything which Mr. Morris considered to be wrong was *wrong*, first, last, and always. The people were found to be large raisers of tobacco, which practice did not meet his favor. He was of the opinion that were it not so profitable, pecuniarily, many of the people themselves would leave off raising the crop on principle, and, while believing that such were naturally much injured in their Christian character, he was anxious that the others also should be converted from the error of their ways. So against tobacco was war waged in public and in private, but after some years of effort, largely fruitless, not so much was said. He had done his duty, let others decide as to their own.

When the Baptist Society was organized, there was much religious interest throughout the place. A good many of the young people were not sure that their fathers' views were right upon the disputed point, still

they were reluctant to draw away from the old, familiar fold. Mr. Morris consented to immerse such as were of this mind, believing that none should do violence to his own persuasion on such a matter of debate. So down the river, their church not being completed, the Baptists immersed their converts, and up the river the Congregationalists were immersed, some of them, we well remember, in a heavy thunder shower. This started up the critics. It could not be otherwise. But they were not feared.

When the war arose, there came another struggle. "Politics in the pulpit" were loudly denounced, but they went right on. Listeners felt their blood thrill, and their fingers tingled, and feet rose involuntarily from the floor. Such scenes were witnessed as West Hartford had not thought to see. The sound of drum and fife was heard, and from Camp Lincoln yonder came blue-coated men marching in to fill the church on Sunday. Not all were pleased. Some of Mr. Morris' congregation refused to take his hand in friendly greeting. Some went so far as not to recognize him on the street, and some pitied him for his strange ideas. Still the faithful preacher urged them on to Christian duty and to patriotism, smiling quietly at all these freaks, and trusting to time to right all troubles. And they were righted. All shook hands at last, for no mere spite had urged those warlike words.

Speaking of these times, he says, after alluding to one of his acquaintance who has "spoken mildly," and found it necessary therefore to resign :

"For myself, I preach very plainly on the subject, and a few are raving, and threatening to get me removed, but the main part of my people are right. My freedom of speech, in the pulpit and out of it, shall not be hampered. When I cannot be my own judge of what I shall preach, without dictation from any man, I will retire from the ministry." And he had said, long before, in school days, which shows the care he used, along with independence: "You see we have the elements of combustion which it requires the most consummate prudence to keep from taking fire. The course I take is to hold myself ready to leave at any time, and then pursue my own course fearlessly, without regard to fear or favor. I know that I sometimes throw sparks among gunpowder, but my determination is, when it becomes necessary to mince words in my business, to leave it. My *own* judgment, though weak in may be, is best for my use."

The largest additions to the church membership under Morris's pastorate were in the years 1858 and 1867. In 1858 fifty-nine united, only four of them by letter; and in 1867, in which year the church was favored with the services of Rev. J. D. Potter, the evangelist, there were seventy-six additions by profession and ten by letter. Mr. Morris was not over-given to "revivalist" methods. In matters of conscience his own nature did not wait for impulse, nor was he easily turned about by seasons of excitement. He preferred, therefore, that others should weigh carefully their duty and come to their conclusions with intelligence and

due deliberation. Not averse, however, to methods other than his own, he hailed with hearty welcome any instrumentality which he was convinced would bring about a good result. At the time of Mr. Potter's preaching some of the younger people hesitated about making their good intentions known, because, they said, their present attitude in matters of religion was owing largely to Mr. Morris's faithful presentation of truth through previous years, and they did not wish to seem "unfair" in yielding to the entreaties of another. Mr. Morris and Mr. Potter fully coincided, however, that "God should have the glory." Far was it from the desire of either that human agency should be unworthily extolled.

After having considered many times the subject of retiring from his ministerial charge, Mr. Morris offered his final resignation October 11, 1874. A council was called April 27, 1875, which, after much deliberation, declared the pastoral relation dissolved. Many reasons led to this step. Mr. Morris had suffered much from ill health and did not deem it wise to retain his connection with the pulpit unless able to give his people a full and conscientious service. His voice had become affected in such a way as to cause him much annoyance by breaking down suddenly. A peculiar difficulty with his teeth, which could not be obviated by ordinary expedients, threatened to interfere seriously with his articulation. He was sensitive on these points, but, more than this, he queried whether the spiritual condition of the place would not be bene-

fited by the appearance of a new man upon the scene, — whether some one younger might not gain access to hearts which seemed closed to his appeals. He shrank, too, from the possibility of being *endured* as years should come upon him. His desire was rather to retire at such time as he might retain the love and respect of those who had known him as their pastor.

In 1865, ten years before, he had proposed to sever his connection, but a petition requesting him to remain was circulated, and returned with 216 signatures affixed, which, in connection with other circumstances, indicated so plainly the will of the people that he consented to remain. Now, when it was fully determined that the time of separation had come, so far as his peculiar relation to the church was concerned, the people resolved to make a decided effort to retain him as a citizen. Accordingly a generous subscription of money was raised and presented to him as a mark of their esteem, with the request that he make his home among them. The token was accepted, and the sum invested in a beautiful building lot, on which was soon erected the comfortable home in which the remainder of his life was spent. The lot was part of the Whitman estate, adjoining the old Whitman homestead, on which Mrs. Morris's relatives are still residing.

After retiring from the pulpit, Mr. Morris devoted himself to work connected with the various benevolent associations, to the interests of Yale College, to the Corporation of which he had been elected in July, 1867, following the removal, by death, of the venerable Joel

Hawes, D.D., of Hartford, to a more leisurely occupation of study and reading, and to the care of his place, which he had stocked with an abundance of things conducing to beauty and comfort. He was also much given in the latter years to the collection of genealogies, for which he felt a growing fondness. His extended pastorate of two churches, his deep interest in scholars who had gone out from his teaching, and his otherwise large acquaintance, gave him a wide field to work in, and furnished "wheels within wheels," which revolved with no end of pleasant complications

Rev. Franklin S. Hatch was ordained pastor, following Mr. Morris, June 7, 1876, and served until his resignation, October 18, 1883. Rev. Henry B. Roberts was then installed, December 20, 1883. Mr. Morris was a constant attendant under both these pastors, and was for most of the time, from his resignation until his death, July 9, 1885, the teacher of a large Bible class in the Sunday-school.

He had been elected, in 1872, to represent his town in the Legislature, and was appointed by that body to the Committee on Education. In 1875 he was again chosen Representative, and was appointed to the Committee on Insurance. He was also on the Board of School Visitors in West Hartford for many years.

IV.

Home Life. — Traits of the Man.

No view is quite complete which does not show the man at home. That side of life which comes before the public, and that other which his nearer friends may see, are not distinct They merge and mingle, and may be explained one by the other. How shall we speak? the question comes again; but we have already trodden, as it were, on hallowed ground. With strange emotions and unaccustomed hand did we first turn the key upon the places kept through these long years for the eye alone of him whose sketch we write. What was there we had only fairly guessed, for Mr. Morris did not open his private matters much, even to those his next of kin. The life is now made up. In one sense it is ours. But we would not throw open wantonly these doors.

Mr. Morris was a systematic man. There was no negligence or hap-hazard in his method anywhere. He always had a plan, and, for himself or others, this meant much. He laid his course by rule, and followed it. As for his household, there need be no jarring if they too could see that such a way was best. Elasticity of purpose and facility of change were foreign to

his nature. Away back in November, 1840, do we find this entry in his journal: "Have spent most of the day reading, doing errands, etc. After all, I have not accomplished much yesterday and to-day, probably for want of a plan. Whenever you have a holiday, or any leisure time, and wish for the highest enjoyment, never fail to have some definite business, either study, or reading, — light reading, if you please, or an excursion, and then attend to it, and avoid indolence and running from one thing to another. What feeling can be more uncomfortable than the consciousness of having misspent our time? But when one has spent the day well, he has not only been out of the way of many temptations, but is armed with resolution and strength for future good." He was a believer in great governing maxims, wide in application, and no matter was too small on which to found them, or by means of which to show their virtue. He says in an early record: "Paid to-day a small sum in the most foolish manner possible — for keeping books three days too long from library. The sum was insignificant, but the carelessness was reproachable." Never, for himself or for his children, were the consequences of deviation from the "strait and narrow way" too faintly pictured. But in later life his thought was milder, and many fitting exceptions were doubtless seen to close-drawn rules.

He was a cautious man, prudent in every thought and plan. Discretion marked his words and figured in his every act. Did some one ask for commendation? It was given sparingly, never going beyond

what might be fully substantiated by his knowledge of the case. Praise was not lavish. In this a few words went for much. Was some new enterprise suggested? What was it for? What did it mean, down at the heart of it? Would the management bring forth the desired result? Courage was mingled with this trait, but was it overweighed? Sometimes it almost seemed so, yet it was mainly in the seeming. During his years of preaching Mr. Morris generally refrained from voting at the town elections. This, in one view, looked strange. But, realizing the peculiarity of his position as, in a sense, the head of one vast family, he did not wish to put himself in the aspect of taking sides for or against those whose spiritual interests he had most at heart, but preferred to trust them to the management of their local affairs, reserving his vote for more weighty occasions.

He was an exact and accurate man. His figures could be trusted, whether of debts or dues. Just right was always better than "near enough." Was his bill "about" so much? He wanted to know how much, and it should be paid. If change could not be made to-day, to-morrow would see him bringing down the extra coppers. If a member of the family laid out no matter how small a sum for family expenses, he should be reimbursed at once, and the amount set to its proper place. No running debts were kept upon his books. He knew always how he stood. When the project of building a new church at West Hartford was agitated, Mr. Morris viewed it with disfavor. He prophesied a

large expense, and put it quite correctly, too. But when he saw that the people were in earnest, he too subscribed a generous amount, yet with the condition, expressed in writing, that none of it should be paid unless "the building shall be completed and furnished and the grounds graded, without a debt remaining."

Mr. Morris was minute, explicit in his habits of mind, and particularly in his private memoranda. Soon after graduation from college his journals commence, and from these the records branch and widen until they cover a great variety of public and private matter. They are classed, divided, subdivided. Turn to the proper page and you have explained the most important, or apparently the most trifling, affairs which have come up in the long course from first to last. Did he carry on farming? The books would say what No. 1, the garden, paid in profit above the expenses of ploughing, seeds, and labor, though the crop were consumed or sold; what No. 2, the house lot, paid in hay and pasturing; what No. 5 fell short on oats. If cows paid, or swine were a failure, the books showed it. It was known how much it cost to keep a horse, with shoeing, repairing of wagons and harness, and all incidentals duly reckoned. As for family expenses, they were classified to show the cost of clothing, fuel, flour, meat, lights, etc., etc, and that there might be no mistake, Mr. Morris, after entering the ministry, kept a careful record of presents received from the people, with the market value of necessaries carried out and footed up. These things, bought, would have

cost money, and to enjoy high living while in the ministry, without knowing the cost that *would be* under different conditions, would have been rash indeed. And more than this. An account was kept of "kindnesses received," long, long lists, as pleasant reminders, but where they saved an outlay these items were carried out in figures representing the value to the recipient. So much for just a peep into the wonders of the records.

That Mr. Morris had somehow prospered in affairs of finance was a thing too evident not to be discovered by those among whom he daily moved. How could it be? It was told them, upon his leaving the pulpit, that the family expenses during twenty-two and a half years of his service, which he had carefully footed up, had been less than his receipts from salary by only $43.74, to which should be added marriage fees and other generous gifts in money. The secret was simple enough. A plan adopted from the first was to *live within his income* at all hazards, be it small or large, and to lay up something from the *entire receipts* each year. So, long ago, a little pile was growing slowly. By and by there was interest money to swell receipts. Later some fortunate investments were made, but all the time he lived, not only within his entire income, but within his actual salary, so the case is clear to all who understand the laws of increase. Of course he must have had a faculty for "managing," which was perhaps developing when the small boy out at Warren was peddling gingerbread and cider on training days.

One important matter must not be overlooked. In all the plans the fact of stewardship for the Master was kept in mind. From every source of income a definite per cent. was laid by for uses of benevolence. Not merely was a memorandum kept. The money was actually set aside, and there remained to be drawn upon. There was no accidental "coming short" in cases of emergency. The cash was there, and as faithfully guarded as would be any fund in trust. If perchance a few dollars were borrowed from the benevolence-box, to make change, or for any purpose, they were paid promptly back according to the charge. What if income should fail? Should benevolence cease? This was guarded against by still another fund, deposited separately from all other money, marked "For Benevolence," and kept slowly growing, and this was sacred to its own peculiar use.

He was a good provider. Good quality he always liked, and was disposed to purchase in quantity such things as were needed for current use. To find the family suddenly "out" of any article of daily use was to discover gross remissness on his own part. Let it not be supposed that mistakes did not sometimes creep in among the careful purchases. But they were atoned for. They must endure. Alteration or exchange were seldom thought of or allowed. Such things as he selected were likely to endure. He was a man of size, and numerous relics do we call to mind which seemed to have been chosen with a view to match the frame and muscle of his robust days.

Who can not yet recall the high, wide-axled carriage which went the rounds of his first visits in West Hartford, and utterly refused to show the signs of wear, though it had served before in several townships? The great, broad hoe and the powerful axe are still preserved, and the cloth of the old blue cloak, long worn and longer laid away, is still good for several makings-over. With its broad cape, it used to make him look like several Napoleons merged in one. And what he had was kept in order. His garden was always good. On one occasion he writes of a new place thus: "We have a large garden, but apparently impoverished. The fences, too, about our premises are in ruins, and also the barn. And what is more, I am unable to ascertain where are the limits of my domains, and moreover, I know not who has the control of these things." In such a case as this Mr. Morris was truly "worried." It was unpleasant for him to enforce others to the fulfillment of their obligations, but the annoyances occasioned by others' negligence were keenly felt, to the "more and moreover" which disquieted his mind.

Justice and impartiality were in all his acts. He was equitable beyond what the most punctilious might require. In the matter of gifts and favors his children were treated scrupulously alike. Any seeming difference was in the end made good by a purpose originally laid. Birthday and Christmas-time must not be run at hazard. Even generosity must have a curb. It must be toned with justice.

Mr. Morris was no meddler with the affairs of others. From their private concerns he held himself aloof; he had no desire to pry into secrets or to volunteer advice, or to be the recipient of complaints, or to be on one side or the other in the case of contending parties having each his private grievance. If they wished it, he was not averse to looking over matters with a view to reconciling differences and making peace, but let them not expect to gain him over to perpetuate a strife. If he believed a person, in any case, to be entirely wrong, his message was to him and not to his neighbor. Outspoken as he was, when occasion so required, he had a rare faculty for guarding the "unruly member," and surely no slander could be followed to his door. When called upon to take his part at the ordination of his successor, Rev. F. S. Hatch, he said, "The part assigned me by the council is a little delicate, for if you call it a 'Charge to the People,' it is virtually giving a charge to one's self. And yet I am not sure but there is a peculiar fitness even in this. For if you can get an ex-pastor, who expects to reside among the people of his former charge, somehow to hedge himself around so that, as a parishioner to his successor, he will be compelled to keep within the bounds of Christian decency, — a somewhat difficult grace, — a great advantage is gained."

He did not like an underhanded way of coming at an object. With plenty of secretiveness in matters of his own, no one need fear a "scheme" when he

moved business. Nor did he approve of the round-about method of communicating ideas which leaves people to *infer* one's meaning. He "told them plainly." Anything worth doing was to be done openly and "above-board," and in broad daylight. A "surprise party," even, was to his mind a thing of questionable propriety. He would suffer it kindly, perhaps, if thrust upon himself, but to spring such a thing on others was far from any way of his. They should be notified, and asked if it would be convenient.

The precision which we have noted, the care for every detail, and the conscientiousness which attended every act, were what gave Mr. Morris the reputation of being a "safe man." In the small affairs of home it often seemed that his too rigid rules might easier be relaxed, while in matters of larger importance these habits of conception and execution led men to listen to his counsel. He looked on many sides before coming to a decision. The decision once reached was a mighty summing up. If indeed he yielded any ground, it was so done that one could scarce perceive the backward movement. And his advance was no more hasty. A remark of one of his parishioners, after he had passed away, brought up a vivid picture. "He measured his words," said the parishioner; "when he got up, one wave of his hand, — you know how he used to do it, — meant more than they all could say." We all know that wave of the hand, and we know, too, the ominous indications which preceded it. They were not violent, but they

were strong. There was a straightening of the body, there was a movement or two of the head, perhaps a long breath taken, generally an uneasy lifting and dropping of the fingers, once, twice; — "what is it?" those would ask themselves who knew him best; — and when he spoke — there was surely something said. Mr. Shipman says that the remarks made after Mr. Morris had arisen at the New London County Ministers Meetings were generally to this effect: "Brother Morris has expressed my views entirely," and he adds, "he would never be called to order." Indeed, how could he? with his manner of "taking in the situation," it was impossible.

Though firm in thought, and fearless in his utterance, Mr. Morris's habitual unobtrusiveness was recognized by all. Whether this added to his influence, or detracted from it, may be an open question. While not one to put himself forward, he made his presence felt. He would not grant even to the least of men that they should hide their light. Here is a curious story which comes to us of his inculcations as to influence. Upon taking charge of a new school, Mr. Morris found great difficulty in getting its members to be prompt at the opening of the session. After exhausting all ordinary plans he told his pupils that hereafter he should say no more upon the subject, but put upon them the responsibility of the whole matter. They had a control, each of the other, which he could not exert upon them, and they must exercise it. If any were in future late, the whole school must

remain to make up the time after the usual hour of closing. Of course, not foreseeing the lesson he was about to teach, they soon objected, but he told them, "We all have an influence which we are responsible for exerting. If we do not exercise it *we must suffer* in consequence of such a failure." And some of them remembered for many a year. A remark made by one of his pupils comes to mind in this connection as showing an impression which he made upon their minds. "He was not much for outside show, but his ideas were *all first class*."

Mr. Morris's affections were strong. His heart was kind, and his perception of the needs of others quick, but he was not one who would indulge in superfluity of demonstration. There was something which demanded that a little distance be observed. A child might pass the barrier, and when he did it was as though the strong were conquered by the weak. He could not talk to children as he wished. Much of his enjoyment passed in silence, which those might interpret who knew him best. And yet, never was he quite without reserve. It varied with the occasions which called it forth. In his ministerial work he felt the need of sympathy and coöperation. It was hard to labor on, as sometimes he did, without knowing whether he was heartily received and loved. Depreciating himself, as he was apt to do, he sometimes doubted unnecessarily in such a matter. Settled, as for most of his life, in the midst of quiet scenes, he missed incitement for his work. Though equipoised,

and self-contained, he needed contact with other natures which should rouse his depths.

Mr. Morris had a love of humor, yet never was boisterous in his merriment. We longed to hear him "roar" with gaiety unrestrained, but it was not his way. He would choke his laughter down until there was danger of internal rupture. Once set to work within him, the disturbing element made havoc; how much no stranger ever knew.

He loved music, yet not to rapture. Sometimes he used to sing, and laugh at himself for his own attempts. He preferred to "join in the chorus" when the numbers were large. In his younger days he used to play the flute, and after entering married life he and his wife would play duetts, — her part on the black flute, his on the yellow one, charming their small audience much.

His temperament was not poetic. The production must be good that would elicit his applause. He preferred straightforward prose. One Sunday he left this entry in his journal: "The sermon this P. M. was on the influences of spring; a kind of subject which I seldom take, and handled in a manner unusual with me. I quoted more poetry than I generally think beneficial, but this is not my besetting sin." One of his favorite expressions when particularly impressed was, "O poetree! O poetri!" and it was given with a peculiar swing well suited to the words.

How many recollections throng upon us as we turn the years like well-worn pages before the memory!

And where memory fails to reach, how vivid are the glimpses gained from many a yellowed sheet his youthful, vigorous hand has traced! Now youth, now middle life, and age! How did his mind look back? Did it not find life stripped of many an adornment which its lively hope had pictured, and augmented by much which could not possibly have been foreseen? Age once reached is but as childhood, so has the landscape widened, and to be young or old is much as one may fancy.

The impression is, as we look back, that Mr. Morris came early to maturity, and, as compared with his own years, was in the habit of appearing, and felt, older than many other men. His friend, Rev. Samuel G. Willard, says of him: "My memory of him goes back to the Wilton Academy, where Mr. Hawley Olmstead was our teacher, in the summer of 1832. He was then among the older pupils. But the same qualities of mind and heart distinguished him. Manliness and modesty, steadiness of purpose, clearness of understanding, integrity and love for truth, sound sense, kindness and sobriety were his. Even at that early day he had attained the evenness and discretion of mature years."

It is clear that when arranging for his education, and planning for a future all unknown, he had ambition. Had his lines been laid amid less quiet scenes, or turned to different channels, life might have taken on more of lustre, according to the world's eyes, yet none can tell. Rev. Mr Shipman, whose genial pen

we love to quote, says: "It is no slander to say that he lacked those popular qualities which are so much sought by metropolitan churches, but the failure of the brilliant was far more than compensated by superiority in the solid." He did not seek praise, yet loved to be appreciated. Far beyond this mortal course was where he looked for approbation. The guerdon which he sought could not be matched by any earthly glory, nor could its beckoning light be dimmed by any season of despondency. The Providence he trusted was not alone the Guide of great concerns, but of the small affairs of men. Early in his letters this appears, and runs unerringly up to the end. Writing on his fifty-first birth-day, he says: "It seems very strange that I am so old, five-sevenths of the 'three-score and ten' and one year more! Only nineteen years more to carry me to seventy! Well, let the years fly; eternity will never run out, and the same Goodness that has blessed fifty-one years can bless an endless succession of years. When the little that remains of life is over, may Heaven be our portion."

At the time the new home was being prepared in West Hartford, some one remarked that now the minister was getting pretty near the time to die, he was building him a new house, which, according to all probabilities, he would not have long to enjoy. "Tell him," said Mr. Morris, "that I hope to have a better one." For ten years of the autumn of his life, for he did not come into its winter, he enjoyed, and that very much, the comforts of the earthly home to which he

had long looked forward, and for which he had laid up store through many years. He gave himself more to the enjoyment of the blessings God had given him, still setting himself to tasks precluding idleness. His children now were four, like land-marks of the way, having been born respectively in Andover, Colchester, North Stonington, and West Hartford. He saw his tribe increase until at the Thanksgiving of 1884 he beheld, with son-in-law and daughter-in-law, sixteen of his own around the family table. He was quite feeble then, and necessarily sedate, but we all enjoyed the day, though fearing, secretly, it might be the last.

In January, 1885, he wrote the following letter to one of his sons:

"We were glad — as we always are — to receive your letter. We thought of you on your birthday, and it recalled vividly to my mind the scenes of thirty-eight years ago. These thirty-eight years bring you to middle life, or a little beyond, provided you fill out the full term, and I remember how little chance there seemed to be to bring you even to the close of the first year, when your mother was so sick, and you had to be weaned before the time, and you took it so hard, and we alternated between having you down at Susan Wattles' and at home, where I rolled you about in the baby wagon in the garret so that your screams need not disturb your mother. But God has been very kind, and we are still spared after so long a time. This same time brings *me* so far beyond middle life, — almost to its close in this world. I do not regret it. Thankful for the past, I would not, on the whole, go back. 'It is better farther on.' But I am feeling more and more that the great good in life is to recognize Him who gave Himself that we might live, and to occupy faithfully the position He assigns us, making day by day a record that shall be

acceptable to Him, and of course one that ought to be satisfactory to ourselves. I incline to think it would be well to make more of an observance of birthdays than we have been accustomed to do, especially in a family of children. The effect on them, and on all, may be very happy."

The course was nearly run. Mr. Morris was feeble through the spring. With warmer weather came increasing strength, and he attended, as was his custom, the meeting of the Corporation at Yale College, and the Commencement exercises. One Sunday, the anniversary of his first preaching as pastor in West Hartford, he failed again, and on the following Thursday, in unconsciousness, passed into rest.

On that July Sunday, in 1852, this was his text—and were not the words fulfilled?

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

"I think," said one of his old parishioners, "his death occurred near the time he used to preach his anniversary sermon, and often took his vacation. And now, while other ministers are taking rest, and gathering interesting truth for their flocks, he is resting, but will not return to tell of the wonderful things which he has seen and heard. But he is with a great company of his church, who have gone, one by one, before him."

FUNERAL ADDRESS

BY

NATHANIEL J. BURTON, D.D.

When I was called to speak here to-day I could not refuse to come. My conscience compelled me, and my tenderness of heart towards our brother whom we have lost, compelled me almost more than my conscience. Either one was sufficient to bring me, and I am here. I have had no time to collect facts with any fullness. I can make only a meager statement to-day, but I so much admired and loved Mr. Morris, that, in what I do say, I may at least voice the general feeling of this occasion. He was a man of whom we need not be ashamed, and in whose behalf we have no occasion to restrain ourselves, and explain, and apologize, and omit, as we proceed to speak of him.

When we have portrayed a man, and have also given an account of his works, we have covered the whole case; except that in the light of Holy Writ, we may, if we like, follow him into the Paradise where he has landed, and expatiate on the particular sort of Paradise that exactly such an one as he, is likely to have. There is much honest satisfaction often in ranging among those bright probabilities, as well as among the solid certainties of that estate. However, Morris there, is but

Morris here, carried on into his normal expansion. But let me take him up now under that double view, the man and his works.

1st. The man. That first for all reasons. In the order of time the man comes first, and, besides that, the entire flow of his works is colored and made to be what it is, through and through, by what he himself was. And in speaking of the man it would be interesting to draw a line of distinction and speak of him under two aspects: the man natural, and the man supernatural; the man as he was born, and the man as he was reborn and sanctified through the Holy Ghost. To track a man back to his natural qualities, is as relishable as to track a word in our language back to its root, and taste its primal flavor. I should suppose that even God himself would have his own special satisfaction in reaching to the natural traits of a man, and tasting their quality; their strong, wild quality, if you please; as he applies to them the forces of regeneration. One thing is certain, that, although God regenerates men, and makes that change to be an immense one, nevertheless he never obliterates the primal man, but sacredly preserves him, and to all eternity, through whatever perfection the man comes to, you can see his stock attributes, his congenital idiosyncrasies, even as in a perfected painting, the color first laid on distributes its tone through all that you see. Therefore, there is no monotony in the kingdom of God, but each saint is an original, a person deserving of a separate name because the exact like of him is not to be found among

all the millions of God. In the case of quiet, and very harmoniously organized, men, like Mr. Morris, this inborn originality of which I speak is not so perceptible as in demonstrative and eccentric men, and at first you might suppose that hundreds of persons are sufficiently like them to be called they; but that is the fault of your observation. Their intimates, and lovers, know that their individuality is eminently distinguishable and enjoyable; never was there a case of coinage more absolute. And I think it is one of the very touching things in the ways of God, that he so lavishes his creative originality on quiet and unstriking persons and things. The shyest and most unnoticeable of flowers is formed as characteristically and wonderfully as those more sensational; and silent, modest men, hidden away in almost undiscoverable retreats, are masterpieces of God as truly as archangels are. This makes the pathos of humble life. This is why great-hearted, and perceiving men, are so interested in human nature at its lowliest, and at its worst.

Speaking of Mr. Morris, and of the man natural in him, I cannot speak as realistically as I should like, because I do not know his early history with any fullness. I only know that he was born in New England, of New England stock, and that he had a New England nurture. On a farm he was reared, I have heard, and in farmers' ways, with plenty of hard work. I was born in New England myself, but I did not know for a long time what a Godsend it is to be born there. Perhaps some prefer to have been born outside, and

prefer the kind of training men get outside, but it is a never-failing zest to me to have had my start in this hilly, rock-bound, region, with its God-fearing drill, its simple life, its touch of austerity, its granite men and straight-forward women, its hard work, its sacred homes, its churches and schools, and its consecrated acres where the grave forefathers lie with their families about them, waiting the great day of the resurrection. And I like it that Mr. Morris had the same origin. I am glad that his birth and breeding were what they were, and glad that he took to his training so kindly, and made the most of it. The result was that we had a man made up as follows: He had a good intellect, a sizable one, a sane one, a firm-set intellect and capable of a genial obstinacy, especially where it re-enforced itself by conscience; a truth-loving intellect; an intellect practical rather than speculative, analytical, minute, or philosophical; a good working organ it was in this workday, needy world; an exact and methodical intellect he had, too; if he gave you a date you did not need to verify it, and if he reported something that he had heard or seen, that report of his was solid history, and not history so pervaded by Mr. Morris as to be neither this nor that (read his printed historical discourses, and see for yourself); it was an industrious intellect, and he kept it going with a good drive till the years of honorable release had come, and even then he did not loll and decline; it was an intellect that ran largely to common-sense, whatever that may be; many minds are bright, vigorous, and even

amazing, but they do not have sense, what they say is not necessarily so, what they dictate to be done does not always suit the particular emergency, they do not veraciously sense the situation; and a curious thing it is that men should have such rich endowments of useless ability; whose fault it is I do not know, but Mr. Morris' mind was not so; it was an every-day, serviceable instrument, even an admirable instrument; men went to it for advice; it was never rash; it was always prudent; if it erred ever it was in the direction of over-prudence; and this intellect that I am describing was not a debative, belligerent, mischief-making thing so that other thinkers could not live with it; in theology it had its views, but it always had clemency for other people's views; it was not an ambitious and conceited intellect, it was humble, more humble than it ought to be — and several more things I might say about it, but even now, as you may have noticed, I have passed over into the moral and affectional department of the man in some of my specifications; for, in analyzing a person, it is not easy to make a study of his attributes as objects of study separate from the general man, because all the special organs and sections of his nature are bound up together in the unity of a common life, and when a man thinks, there is feeling in his thinking, and when he feels, there is thinking in his feeling, and in any single external act that he performs, there is a taste of his entire self, his very plural and composite self, moral, affectional, and intellectual.

But let us now pass over avowedly, formally, and not incidentally, merely, to the affectional and the moral qualities of our brother.

I have already said that he was low in his self-estimates, but this peculiarity in him was so strong that it deserves to be mentioned more than once. Mr. Morris was an abler man than he thought, and a weightier man (for it takes something more than ability to make weight), and a man more looked up to and loved. Some four years ago, when he had reached his seventieth birthday, the people here, under the lead of their pastor, Mr. Hatch, secretly organized a celebration for that day, and they rallied to the occasion hundreds strong, and there was talking, and glorification, and reading of letters from people of other communities; a truly exuberant time I should judge; and I have often amused my own mind, thinking of that modest, surprised, amazed man in the midst of that overflowing testimony (exaggerated testimony, as he would say); but possibly on that birthday it did begin to come over him just a little that he was somebody on the face of the earth. His ordinary view of himself, however, was moderate, so that he was likely to decline openings for activity and influence which he might as well have entered; and perhaps on occasions of especial responsibility, he could not always put his entire force into the field, he was so self-depreciating. And yet his modesty never undermined his vigor and his perseverance where great principles were involved, and his conscience had taken her stand.

The next trait I would mention was his amiability. His face was kindly, the tones of his voice were kindly always, his attitude and his gestures as he addressed you in private intercourse were kindly, what he said was kindly, he had the good heart and conciliatory manners of a gentleman, he never hated anybody, or begrudged anybody his good fortune, or plotted against anybody; or treated the young with austerity, albeit he was not a demonstrative and profuse person, and could not be. And he was not pushing and unpleasant where he had ends to carry; in fact, among all men that I have known, I do not recollect a more thorough-going kind man, year in and year out. If only the rest of us were all like him! We should not know the world we live in, nor ever want to leave it. Heaven, on its social, and brotherly, side, is simply an indefinite multiplication of gracious spirits rather like him.

Again, he was pure. He cultivated clean thoughts, and his visible life was stainless.

And he was conscientious, resolute, and faithful, in all appointed tasks. He walked the rounds of his vocation in a manner to be respected by all men. His gift and tact for one function or service may have been less than his gift for some other, but he did not on that account relax that function. What he could do, he did.

Moreover, he was a progressive man. He was hospitable to the numerous brand-new notions of his brethren. He looked them over slowly, silently, christianly, and listened to the overflowing talk about

them, and you might think he was going to adopt them, but he didn't. Not generally. But he suffered himself to be tempted by them, so to say, and mellowed by them, and moderated, and so on. I have seen the lowly animal creatures when their young ones were creeping and swarming all over them, molesting their repose, and making free with their majesty. It was beautiful to notice how little resistance they made. And yet it was easy to see that, back of all, was the unchanged parent, with her bulk, and her settled ways, and her old-fashioned solidity. So, among Christian ministers, you can see established, good-sized, amiable elderly men, over whom the younger ones, and the more venturesome and exploring thinkers, swarm, and display their inventions, and enjoy themselves. They like it, and the old ones like it, and let them do it. You might think they were converted, I say, but they are not. They are just where they were for substance,—immovable theologians, but moderate and genial. Moderate and genial! I read an argument written and printed by Brother Morris, that was designed to show why it is better that old men should die and depart, and leave the world open and cleared for the operations of young ones. They tend to be obstructive of progress if they stay too long, he said. Well, he was not obstructive of any real progress. He was not nimble to take a new gait,—and he never was, and he did not want to be,—but he was willing to hear, and gradually to conform himself to all sensible suggestions. He was, to the last.

He never stiffened, in either his intellect or his affections. He was fresh, sensitive, and limber, in spite of fast-multiplying years. Progress is sufficiently assured so long as such men fill our ranks; and at the same time rashness is sure to be checked.

Shall I put it down among Brother Morris' moral traits that he knew humor when he saw it? I am minded to. Certainly I may name it as one of the symptoms of his affectionateness. It would not be at all a fair showing of the man to say that he was an humorist, and I should be a shade off, I fear, if I called him humorous. His image does not rise before me in that way exactly, but I do remember his much amused face, and his mellow response *ab imo pectore*, when some good point was genially made at the expense of our poor human nature, or some particular person was held up, — not to ridicule, he did not like that — but to merry observation; or when some grotesque arrangement of events was mentioned, some incident of parish life where the serious and the not-serious unwittingly got mingled in a manner that they did not expect; some tragic circumstance that suddenly faded out into common-place; some phase of this deep life of ours on which an ever-kindly and man-loving man could play his heart in mingled laughter and tears. I do not know whether it would have been possible, by a little change in our dear brother, to have had him too statuesque, and unbending, and even austere, or not, perhaps not, but one thing is certain, that so long as he retained his quiet sense of humor, it was impossible

that he should not escape stiffness, and an over-impressive dignity. There is no lubricating oil like the merry-making of the loving heart; there is no mellowness more mellow, or more consistent with every robustness of character, and even with every saintliness, than that specific mellowness known as humor. This thought was the more likely to occur to me this day, because it was only two weeks ago that I was with this man for several days, looking him over, remarking upon him in my own mind, and making a point of this very thing. A great character is possible without smiles, but not the greatest and most effective, and I do not deem it wrong to say so on this most serious and tender occasion.

I hope that the image of Myron N. Morris is now substantially before you — his tall form, his benignant face, his well-intentioned, and sufficiently suave, manners, his engaging voice, engaging because so kindly, his goodly interior man, his sensible, symmetrical, industrious, serviceable, mind; his equally symmetrical moral character, his love of religion, his even fidelity in every direction, his brotherliness in all relations, clerical and lay, as you his townsmen, parishioners, and friends, and we, his neighbors, can testify; his reverence for the old times, and his hopefulness for the new, his absolute personal identification with the kingdom of God, his sweet rest in God as regards the mysteries of life and the great mysteries of the future, *all* the mysteries in fact incident to a fallen world, and a universe with numerous unquestionable hells in it (I

could tell you about how he looked at that, if I thought best), his domesticity (witness ye children all, and his true wife), his parish tact that never failed him, his ability to use so much of faculty as God had happened to give him, in a way to make it tell, not brilliantly, but steadily and with accumulating momentum as the years went on; or, shall I sum a whole score of things in one, and speak of his weight, his personal weight, his uncommon weight, for a man whose separate faculties were not ponderous; weight! that mysterious sum-total, which in his case was more than the sum of all his parts, by as much as ten thousand men when uniformed, drilled, organized, and moulded into a corporate unit, are more on the field of war, by far, than the entire ten thousand moving individually; personal weight! that supreme force in a community which often is not noticed any more than the superincumbent great weight of the atmosphere, pressing us all, is noticed, but which, in critical hours, when men's judgments are confused and their hearts are failing them, declares itself, and, when at last it is withdrawn, creates a universal sense of loss, even as the quite unnoticed atmosphere would be most terribly missed if God should suddenly take it away. I hope, I say, that the mass, fashion, and substance, of this man has gradually emerged before you, as I have gone on with my observations, and that you are prepared now to spend a moment with me, while I speak,

Secondly, Of his works. It will not take long. The life of a minister in a New England village, if he takes good care of his parish, is not likely to be full

of such details as are sought for by those who write history. My impression is that if his labors and experiences were diligently worked up, not imaginatively at all, but in the most literal literality; worked up in all their bearings, worked up about as they stand on God's book, they would make wonderful reading, and would even crowd out whole tons of reading, historic and journalistic, that tell about wars, and sensational incidents, and the copious trivialities of daily life.

Mr. Morris, after he had completed his education, spent a few years teaching in Bacon Academy, Colchester, Conn., a service which he loved, and continued to have an interest in, so long as he lived. But in 1846 he began to be a Christian minister, and a Congregational pastor, in North Stonington, Conn. There he remained till 1852, when he came to the pastorate of this church. And here for twenty-three years he served you in the gospel; baptizing your children; marrying your lovers; burying your dead; preaching to you and exhorting, and living what he preached; administering the ordinances of your sanctuary; going in and out at your homes in all the weal and woe of your life; visiting your schools; shedding himself abroad through all your interests; making this Congregational church in West Hartford to be respected through our entire Congregational communion, his good name being continually imputed to you; and then in 1875, ten years ago, with no jar, and for no reason dishonorable to either you or him,

he laid down his work, he being then sixty-four years of age, and was followed here by a young man, F. S. Hatch, whom he could love and respect, and did cordially; a young man who surprised the dear old gentleman's eyes, by leading off in the building of such a church edifice here as he never expected to see built in his lifetime and paid for, an edifice by the way to which Brother Morris was one of the most generous contributors (for he was always a generous man though a frugal one) — and thus, in great restfulness and quiet enjoyment, his years of retirement flowed on till there were ten of them, ten still years, in which he neither droned nor over-exerted himself, but had his home, garden, and family, including his blessed wife, of whom I will say in passing, that from the first she has been his staff and his joy, and a real helpmate for him in this parish — ten still years — years of unfailing faculties and unabated public respect — until the other day, he fell sick, and, after not long, lapsed into unconsciousness, and died, all too soon but not untimely, and certainly not unripe; in unconsciousness he went, God in tenderness taking just that way to relieve him of that which he had always dreaded; he might have taken him wide-awake, and abundantly calmed His servant's natural timidity by his all-powerful Spirit (how often we see that done!), but God preferred to quietly hide him in the deep shadow of unconsciousness, and take him unto Himself asleep.

In 1867 Mr. Morris was chosen a member of the

corporation of Yale College, of which college he was a graduate, a position very congenial to his taste, and suited to his abilities ; and he was still in that service when he died. It will seem lonesome to some of us in the future meetings of that body.

I mention, too, as one of the minor particulars of his large and manifold service to this town, that he represented it several times in the legislature.

And, as one of his services to the kingdom of God at large, that he was one of the most forward and laborious of the working committee of the old Missionary Society of Connecticut for a long series of years. I cannot chronicle his works there in the least according to their magnitude, but they are on record where they will not be lost; even on His memory, to whom the fidelity of his servants is precious ; and in due time they shall be revealed.

The published writings of Mr. Morris were not many, but they were all good, and like him — plain, orderly, exact, sensible, instructive, unambitious, and, when they took the form of historical discourse, particularly excellent and valuable.

I said to you at the outset that when we have portrayed a man, and given an account of his works, we have covered the whole case. It may be said that the only way we know a man is by his works, but I think that often the man and his works are incommensurate, the works being less than the man, or the works seeming more than the man. A resounding flow of deeds, when traced to their author, are sometimes found

to be inexplicable by anything discoverable in him; and still more frequently a line of modest and sparse works are found to have a man of unusual dimensions back of them; the thing that strikes us most is his "reserved power," as we say, his power never yet put forth and made visible in anything he has done. It is a matter for sharp inquiry, how this reserved power is discovered, if none of his works tell it; but it is discovered, perhaps, quite as impressively sometimes as though the works did tell it.

As regards Mr. Morris, I should say that he and his works were substantially commensurate. It was in keeping with his notable balance and symmetry of faculties, and his notable balance of character, that he and his works should also balance. And when I say that they balanced, I do not understand myself to be depreciating him, as though his works, being neither numerous nor celebrated, he himself must have been correspondingly quite measurable, not to say small; for in my view his works were sufficiently large by count, and very large indeed by the measure of quality and of final influence. It may be the prejudice of a Christian minister, but I submit to you that our function among men as ministers is by no means one of the lesser functions of the world. There is less material show in it than in some, but when it comes to be all spread out in the eternal, and men see it with spiritual vision, it will take its place in the forefront of all works and services.

My brethren in the ministry, we have lost a rare and

sweet soul from our ranks; a man whom we loved and who loved us. He was a friend to us all, and we were all his friends. We make a good many arguments before the public in behalf of Jesus Christ and his religion, but when we can point to such as Morris, we have hurled at gainsayers our chiefest argument. There is no use in debating so long as Christianity can keep on turning out such characters as that. Dear man! we shall miss him. He had retired from his old-time activity, and did not appear in our clerical and other assemblies so often as before, but we knew all the time that he was out here on the hill, and now and then we saw him. We shall see him no more. He has gone to Bacon, Bushnell, Hawes, Spring, Eldridge, Arms — I cannot recite the whole list of them — but he has gone to those men whom I remember as standing in the leadership of our Israel when I came to Hartford, twenty-eight years ago, and found him here in this village. I am full of fond rememberings as I turn back to those true men, and I do not know but I envy our brother that he is privileged now to join their good company.

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them

unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Their sun shall no more go down, neither shall their moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

Men and brethren, to the music of these, and like comfortable scriptures, we bear this man to his burial this day. In the midst of these pastoral scenes where his life was spent, in the solemn enclosure which he has so often entered accompanying the dead and comforting the living, alongside of that considerable assembly of parishioners and friends whom he has laid to rest, we shall tenderly lay him down. In the opulent beauty of this midsummer month, with all the voices of Nature on the side of hope, with bird, bloom, and soft wind, testifying of the love of God, we shall lay down, and bid farewell to, this truly beloved man, looking forward to the day when the perishable shall merge in the imperishable, when these vanishing scenes wherein we run our little round shall give place to new heavens and a new earth, and the ultimate form and stage of the Kingdom of God shall have come. Amen.

MR. MORRIS AS A STUDENT AND FELLOW OF YALE COLLEGE.

BY

PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.

My acquaintance with the late Rev. Myron N. Morris began in the year 1833, when I was a tutor of the Freshman class, of which he was a member. The class was large, one of the largest which at that time had ever entered the institution, consisting, as it did, of 126 members; the class which followed having numbered sixty-nine only. It was so large as to warrant, if it did not require, three divisions, and I was made the disciplinary officer of one of these divisions—the south, the one to which Mr. Morris was assigned as a member—being, at the same time, the tutor in Greek for the entire class. This year was memorable in the history of instruction in Greek, by the abandonment of the old Græca Majora, and the introduction as text-books for the Freshman and Sophomore years, of Xenophon's Anabasis and the Iliad of Homer. The south division was generally reputed to be the most mercurial, and possibly the most promising, as its members were generally more

youthful. Among them were William T. Bacon, Aaron L. Chapin, Thomas Mills Day, William Maxwell Evarts, Benjamin N. Martin, and Andrew L. Stone. Their tutor was young, slight in size, and shy and timid in his ways, and perhaps not altogether fitted to cope successfully with the untamed spirit of these fiery youths. Among these boys in age, and boys in feeling, Morris was conspicuous for his commanding presence and his modest ways; probably the oldest, and certainly the tallest, of all, having then attained full height, and being always distinguished by his dignified manner, and his sweet and gentle influence. In this he was strikingly contrasted with those usually styled *old fellows*, or fathers of their classes, of whom every class had one or more. He seemed to me the same in appearance, in manners, and in character when I saw him for the first time in his place in the division-room, as a Freshman in college, as when I saw him for the last time in his place, as a member of the Corporation, only a few weeks before his death. He was singularly erect, broad-shouldered, large-framed, showing that he had been accustomed to the out-of-door life and the breezy winters of the hill-tops of Litchfield county; while there was an almost feminine delicacy and self-distrustfulness which he never altogether overcame, and which lent a singular charm to his character and manners, in the judgment of all who knew him well. This almost unreasonable shyness cleaved to him to the end. It was in part a product of nature, and in part the result of circum-

stances — being, in a measure, owing to the late beginning of his studious life and the disadvantage in which he at first found himself in comparison with those younger than himself by very many years. For example, his *seat-mate* was the acute, and agile, and accomplished Prof. B. N. Martin, apparently as much a product of art and social refinement as Mr. Morris was the simple and modest child of nature. In almost every particular they were in striking contrast, even to their bodily frames; in temperament, manners, and mental habits. And so they remained to the end, inasmuch as the native modesty of Mr. Morris never allowed him to assert the force and fire which were in him, while Mr. Martin unconsciously expressed force, and fire, and grace, in every movement of his natural self-assertion. Alas! that either should have died so soon.

In his intercourse with his classmates he was gentleness itself, and hence he reigned over them with a patriarchal sweetness and dignity. It was of infinite advantage to the division to which he belonged that he was a member of it. The presence of one full-grown man — so strong, and yet so gentle; so commanding in his height and mien, and yet so modest; so good a scholar, and yet so distrustful; so thorough, and yet so teachable — was a constant lesson and model to all. Mr. Evarts would be the readiest to say, and to feel, that to this day he owes not a little to Mr. Morris's quiet inspiration and gentle restraint, who sat over against him in the division-room; and what Mr. Evarts

would say, all felt to be true. In times of college or class excitement, when the boyish spirit was awakened to an idle frolic or a serious antagonism to academic authority — Mr. Morris's gentle and sympathetic wisdom fell upon the excited spirits of his classmates like the noiseless snowflakes to which Homer compared the words of Nestor. In seasons of religious movement, his solid piety and loving prayers were arguments that could not easily be resisted, and needed no extraneous enforcement. What Mr. Morris became as a clergyman, his brethren can testify from their personal knowledge. I can testify that he retained the spirit and accuracy of a scholar till his death; that he neither forgot nor neglected his Greek, but retained his classical knowledge and his scholarly feelings till the end. As a member of the Corporation of Yale College, he was thoroughly competent, clear-headed, and positive in his opinions. Although his blushing modesty often repressed his assertive force, it never biased or weakened his solid judgment. He lived a most blameless, and happy, and useful life. He was to the writer a pupil who never could be forgotten; a friend affectionate and true; and to all who knew him, a clear-headed, devout, and humble-minded Christian teacher, around whose hallowed memory all the benedictions spoken by his divine Master gather and rest.

LETTER FROM GEORGE W. COOKE.

WATERBURY, CONN., Dec. 25, 1885.

MR. MORRIS:

Dear Sir, — I am afraid I shall not be able to contribute much that will be available for your purpose. It is true, your father and myself were room-mates, but nearly or quite a half century has passed since that time. Of course, it is difficult to recall many of the ordinary every-day incidents of that period.

I well recollect that your father attracted the notice of the class generally immediately on assembling at the commencement of our freshman year. He had then attained his full stature, physically, being tall and broad — about the same as you have always known him. His peculiar style of dress at that time also served to attract notice, and he was soon known by the *sobriquet* of class "Patriarch." But outward appearances went for nothing as the character of the man and his purposes began to unfold. He had entered college with an object in view — an object which, he knew, could only be attained by persistent hard work. His recitations at once gave evidence of systematic and unwearied effort. Rarely, if ever, was "not prepared" heard from his lips. His standing in his studies was con-

sequently among the best in his class. The same manly bearing and unswerving purpose carried him bravely and honorably through to the end of his course.

I became personally acquainted with him during freshman year, and on entering our sophomore year we concluded to "chum" together. We selected a room in the fourth story of the "Old South Middle," and moved our very plain and economical furniture into it. During that year, and while occupying this room, your father was taken sick with typhoid fever. At his request I called in the elder Dr. Ives, an eminent New Haven physician of that period. The doctor prescribed for him and left him in my care till further development of the disease. After two or three days it was evident he must have a course of fever. A room at a private house near by was at once secured, and he was carried down the three flights of stairs on a cot-bed to his new quarters. His sickness was very severe and continued for many weeks. The crisis past, he recovered slowly, and again resumed his studies with the class. Just how he was able to do this I do not remember; but suppose he put in some extra labor to close up the *hiatus* and regain the lost ground. That he was able to do this, showed the indomitable spirit of the man.

Your father, as I knew him, was not much of a talker, but a good thinker and close student. He had a vein of humor in him which would occasionally manifest itself, but his talk was not of the frivolous

sort. His principles were firm for what he believed to be right, and he maintained them whether popular or not. In a word, Myron N. Morris was always highly esteemed by his classmates for his manly character, his strict integrity, his good scholarship, and firm Christian principle.

Various organizations of which you speak I did not belong to, so I can say nothing of him as regards these. His monitorship in the College Chapel was conscientiously performed. As he had a good eye and good altitude, delinquents could not easily escape the record of that unerring pencil.

Our number is surely diminishing year by year, and ere long every name will have its star. Happy for those who, like your honored father, have filled the measure of their days with good to their race!

Yours truly,

GEORGE W. COOKE.

REMINISCENCES

BY

REV. JOSEPH W. BACKUS.

Whenever I think of my early beginnings in study, Mr. Morris is the all-commanding figure in the retrospect. At my first attendance at morning prayers, in the lower hall of Bacon Academy,—the teachers sitting in a row on the platform—the next boy whispered in my ear, "That 's the principal; that 's Mr. Morris sitting in the middle!" I did not turn my eyes from him till he rose to conduct the devotions, and then my admiration rose with him. He was tall, erect, broad-shouldered, high-browed; he had a speaking face; he read with moderation, bordering on solemnity, in a pleasant tone of voice, that seemed to me to make friends with the juvenile audience. I soon found all the school loved him and believed in him, and then, further, that the community was not much behind the school in their appreciation of him.

I was just beginning to read the fables in Greek. We were a week on ΑΛΩΠΗΞ ΚΑΙ ΒΟΤΡΥΕΣ; two days on the first word; two days catching the fox, as the boys said. The accents, breathings, names of things, word

constructions, a world of minute mysteries, all brought to view in this one word, kept us turning over the leaves of the grammar, for rules and principles, and then back for review, till we felt pretty sure of the game, and then, as in every such chase, we felt well paid and ready for the next hunt.

He was, in short, a *thorough* teacher, and so taught as to promote self-reliance in the pupil. He conducted the pupil to such a mastery of the subject as made him eager for the next adventure. He awakened enthusiasm in the scholar, by conducting him to the knowledge of his own powers, while he himself seemed the very model of unconcern.

He had a way of giving short lectures, at the close of the morning devotions, on topics of practical importance, suggested, often, by events of the school life. Some of these talks related to personal habits, manners, modes of study, books for reading, and methods of reading, and its real uses. Many difficulties were demolished for the pupil, and many inspirations imparted, before he began his day's work, by the calm lay-out of things in these easy talks. After sketching a programme of work one day, to his own classes, in his own room, he spoke substantially as follows:

"You see here is a great deal to do; but you see, also, that you do not have it all to do at once. Do not try to do it all at once. Do not be anxious about it as a whole. Be anxious only about the lesson in hand. Sixty minutes makes an hour. Get through with one minute before taking the next. *Festina*

lente. We are crushed by the amount of our work, and get to hurrying, only when we neglect to do to-day's duty to-day. *Carpe diem.* Some of this work is difficult. If it were not it would do you no good. It will all be done on time, without hurry or confusion, if the present is taken care of."

If ever such kind assurances were construed as meaning an easy habit toward derelictions in duty, or an indulgence to a conceited precociousness, it was a mistake.

On one occasion a pupil was reading to him for (possible) correction, his essay for the annual exhibition. He heard it and remarked:

"You remind me of one who should make an arrow to shoot. It is to be no ordinary, dull, stone-pointed arrow, but rather one pointed with the finest steel, ground and polished to the sharpest possible point; but just before shooting it, he winds it all around with ribbons of all gayest colors, layer after layer, ends left loose as streamers, being especially careful to completely cover and protect that *sharp point*, so that when it hits the mark (if it ever should) it would hit with a thud, fall to the ground, and leave no trace. Now take those rags off, and you will find a very good thought there, and other folks will find it too."

That pupil is now living, and he says, to this day, he never sits down to write without feeling that that criticism, like the sword of Damocles, hangs over his head. Mr. Morris was an excellent pruner of young men's literary fancies.

He had great severity, when the occasion demanded it. He abhorred a sneaky, artful, deceitful character, and could not show it much mercy. A lazy, shiftless fellow one day handed him his composition, with his name subscribed. Next morning, after prayers, the school was detained, all the half dozen departments. The principal rose in his stateliest fashion, remarking upon the composition exercise in general; in particular, upon the last installment he had just examined, and more particularly still, upon one of very marked excellence, which deserved to be read to the school, and which he would read. After the reading, came the closing comment, to this effect: He could hardly speak in too high praise of that composition. It deserved to be published; in fact, it had been; he read it last evening in one of his favorite volumes, and it ought to be known who it was that had brought the school to such honor. The offender's name was then given, and the school was bowed out of the hall.

In his morning talks he had the faculty of inflicting discipline, without describing the offence, and of identifying the offender without naming him. He did it by citing a method of Providence applicable to the case, or a principle of the divine government concerned in it. As, for instance, by the following well-remembered, homely illustration: "In this world a person walks as if between two sets of hatchel teeth, with but a narrow path between them. If he minds his business and walks straight, all will be well, but is sure to be caught up by a sharp retribution if he does not, and has nobody to blame but himself. 'The way of

transgressors is hard.'" A piece of rowdyism in town, or street impropriety, implicating the school, was very likely to be subjected to some such ordeal of fixed principles as awoke the conscience and led the wrong-doer to accuse himself. Many a boy has felt, in listening to him, that there was an invisible, Argus-eyed police, on the track of wrong doing, and received permanent impressions of the reality of the divine government.

He had boarding scholars at his table. One day a thoughtless chap presented himself at the table without his coat. Next day Mr. Morris did the same. Affecting suddenly to bethink himself, after all were seated, he begged Mrs. Morris to pardon the boorishness, as it was undoubtedly the effect of a bad example the day before.

The secret of his influence over his pupils (which only increases with their years) does not lie in any gush or overflow of action (of which he was constitutionally incapable), but in the quality of manhood he had. It was massive and towering. It excited admiration and emulation. He commanded the situation. Besides, he loved young men and sympathized with them, and they knew it. He was once himself, "an unpolished gem," as Mr. Hawley Olmstead, his own early, and well beloved teacher, affectionately said of him. It was with him a sympathetic work, to bring young men to the actual possession of their own worth. He became an excellent minister and pastor. But his fame would have been greater if he had continued to teach.

IMPRESSIONS

BY

REV. FRANKLIN S. HATCH,

Successor in the West Hartford Pulpit.

The last Sunday in 1875 I preached in West Hartford for the first time. At the close of that service, when Mr. Morris took me by the hand and uttered a few kindly words, our acquaintance began. That acquaintance grew into esteem, friendship, affection. My particular partiality for Mr. Morris finds abundant reason in the fact that the sweetness and the peace of my first pastorate are due in large measure to him. I shall revere him and his memory to my latest days. If this be considered a mental attitude unfit for a biographer, I can only say that I would rather be a grateful friend than an ideal biographer.

In recording some of the impressions made upon me, as the successor of Mr. Morris, I mention first the condition in which I found the people to whom he had ministered. When a pastor has served nearly a generation in a quiet community, the condition of affairs must in some measure illustrate his spirit and

work. The peace and harmony of the church, the willingness to advance, provided every movement were made with caution and tentatively, the tender love for old institutions, the careful attention to the details of church and parish administration, the dignified reserve of Christian men and women, — all these seemed to reflect and repeat the character of the teacher in those he had taught so long. It was also easy to see that Mr. Morris was venerated by the entire community. I do not mean that every one liked him equally well or that he underwent in his ministry none of those passing oppositions or differences of opinion incident to a long and faithful pastorate. But I do mean that after twenty-five years acquaintance, people hoped Mr. Morris would live long and that he would always live in West Hartford. They prayed that their children might be as good, as pure, as noble, as he. They made no discount upon his character when they mentioned his name. I am not aware that he left an enemy in the entire town. And when at last he came in peace to the end, even those far from him in Christian feeling were eager to acknowledge the supremacy of his character, to appreciate the large place he had filled, and to mourn and weep with all the rest of us.

He was highly honored, but he deserved all the honor he received. He was a gentleman. He understood and he practiced the habits and the deportment of a gentleman. His fine old-fashioned courtesy was all the more impressive when we remember that his temperament was not impulsive or emotional. His

manners were a part of his manhood; he did not "put them on," but they belonged there and they dwelt in him. His politeness seemed as much a principle as anything else that was his own. His demeanor was dignified, reserved, serious; but it was kindly and generous. The broad, deep stream of his life flowed slowly, but it always sparkled in the sun. Of course, being a gentleman, he was always a gentleman. I have met him in the convocations of his brethren; I have seen him in social gatherings; I have carefully observed his daily walk among his neighbors and friends; but I never saw him more courtly or considerate than when in the retirement of his own home.

I must also recognize his helpfulness as a faithful and competent churchman. It was easy to see there would be no strife between us. I knew there was no hazard in saying publicly to my people, "If there is any trouble between Mr. Morris and me it will be my fault." I did not suppose he would criticise his people or say uncomfortable things about them, but I did think he would advise me about church plans and work, and that sometimes he would say of the brethren, you may rely upon this man and you will find that one very helpful. He said nothing of the kind. He made no comments upon the people and offered no private suggestions concerning the work of the church. Indeed, when I sought his advice he did not give it, but listened patiently and replied oracularly. I was disappointed, but as the years went by I realized his consummate wisdom in this also. He was a faithful

church-member, constant at the Sunday and week-day services of the church; in private conversation he was often a retired pastor of wide general experience; but he never sought the role of ex-pastor of the West Hartford Church or exhibited his peculiar ability to give counsel concerning the people he knew so well. He evidently believed that his successor should learn, as other people learn, by the blessed discipline of experience, even though the road led through some mistakes. In short, he seemed determined to be thought of as my parishioner and not as my predecessor. And what a strong, sweet parishioner he was! The grace of God was upon him and the spirit of Christ dwelt in him. His class was the largest in the Sunday-school, and in the church meetings his words were wisdom, truth, tenderness. The beautiful light of his life filled all the community with its radiance. Thus he sustained his pastor, not in perfunctory fashion, or with effusive utterances of approval, or by sinking his personality and opinions, but by sustaining every Christian enterprise and living the life of Christ among men. I well remember his reply when, with these things in mind, I ventured the attempt to express somewhat of my appreciation and gratitude: "If I have done any good here in all these years, why should I destroy it now?"

Of course, it goes without saying, that he did not hold his opinions at the beck of any young man, fresh from a theological seminary. He was tenacious of his matured conclusions, and did not easily surrender them.

We differed in age, experience, training, and temperament. I must have often crossed the lines of his judgment and his feelings. All the more noble it was in him to give me his moral support. I think of him not as the echo of my own plans and ideas, but as the friend who overlooked my deficiencies, respected my intentions, and loved supremely the cause we both tried to serve.

I cannot write of his excellences without some measure of restraint. I should violate the sacred reticence of his nature did I, even now, tell all I might. One of the happiest ideas I ever had was to celebrate his seventieth birthday. The townspeople came together by hundreds, and it was in every way a notable occasion, and the most delightful thing about it was his own gracious speech. Several letters from his brethren in the ministry were read. One of these said, in substance, as I recall it: Don't you be restrained by Mr. Morris's modesty, but do you get out the whole truth about him for once. Yet who could even approximate the full truth in his presence, when the painful color hurried to his face at the least suggestion of his worth? His professional brethren estimated him far above his own valuation, and I never heard them mention him with other than the sincerest praise.

It would only rehearse his familiar qualities if this paper attempted to fully picture the man. Who, knowing Mr. Morris, can ever forget his virtues and powers? His colossal judgment, his rare sagacity, his

imperturbable resting in the conclusions at which he had arrived, his calmness when others were excited, his subtle humor, his breadth and catholicity of feeling, the integrity that forbade even self-deception, his growing sense of the love of God, his memorable utterances that come back bringing with them tones and attitudes, — all these things are inseparable from the Mr. Morris of our memory and our love.

I regard the balance and accord of his powers as Mr. Morris's greatest endowment. He was neither angular nor eccentric, but a symmetrical man. I have often thought of him in connection with a passage of Mr. Everett's greatest oration: "To complain of the character of Washington that it is destitute of brilliant qualities is to complain of a circle that it has no salient points and no sharp angles in its circumference, forgetting that it owes all its wonderful properties to the unbroken curve of which every point is equidistant from the center."

I do not claim that he was perfect, that he had all conceivable endowments, that he was always in absolute equipoise. But the character of Mr. Morris, beyond any man I ever met, fulfills the divine description of a perfect society, and therefore of a perfect individual: "The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal."

SERMON

PREACHED BY

REV. MYRON N. MORRIS,

AT WEST HARTFORD, JULY 1, 1852.

I CORINTHIANS, 2 : 2.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

That course which Paul prescribed for himself when he went to preach the gospel in Corinth, should be determined upon by every minister when he goes among a people as an ambassador of Christ. There was one great theme to which the Apostle determined at the outset to confine himself,—"Christ, and him crucified." In this respect every minister of the Gospel should imitate him. The preacher and pastor appears among his people, not to display himself as a popular orator, nor a subtle metaphysician, nor a learned scholar, nor a shrewd politician, but to unfold the great theme of the Apostle, "Jesus Christ, and him crucified," as adapted to the wants of those for whose spiritual welfare he is to labor. This is his sole business. So far as he turns aside to other pursuits disconnected with this, he goes beyond the commission which he has received from his Divine Lord.

You observe the negative form of Paul's expression, "I determined *not to know any* thing among you, save Jesus Christ." He does not say that he determined to preach Christ to the people, but to *know nothing else* among them; he deliberately made up his mind to have nothing to do with any other subject which might be agitated among them.

This, considering the character and tastes of the people of that Grecian city, is somewhat remarkable. A different course would appear, certainly at first view, to have been necessary in order to have the slightest prospect of pleasing them, and securing their favor.

They were a people of very nice and refined taste, especially in regard to forms of beauty and gracefulness of manner. The arts of rhetoric were highly cultivated among them, and without the graces of oratory no public speaker could hope to find acceptance. Paul, then, was not the man to command their admiration. It was said of him that "his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible." And then he utterly discarded the idea of seeking to win them over by the fascination of his eloquence. They boasted of their wisdom, and delighted in the subtleties of speculative philosophy. But Paul, though his mind was peculiarly fitted for metaphysical disquisition, would engage in no such discussions. "When I came to you," he says, "I came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's

wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Did Paul set himself up as a great preacher? In his preaching and in his movements, did he keep an eye to his own distinguished reputation? Never. He *was* a distinguished preacher, and his fame will be co-extensive with the Gospel itself, but in his aims, he lost sight of himself.

There was one subject which was peculiarly offensive to the Greeks. And that was the doctrine of Christ. To them, it was "foolishness." It made no account of their wisdom or philosophy. It regarded them as vain idolaters, and their wisdom as folly, and offered them salvation only through one whom they held in utter contempt,—the despised Nazarine. Would they be likely to listen for one moment to the proposition to take *him* for a leader, and give their affections and obedience to a man of such humble pretensions, and one who, in their view, kept so low company? Not they. And Paul well understood their feelings. And, knowing that "the excellency of the power" was of God, and not of man, he determined to dwell exclusively on this offensive subject. He would know nothing else among them. He would preach not only *Christ*, but a *crucified* Christ. He determined to make it his sole business to call on that cultivated, luxurious, and proud people, to receive as their Saviour, —to love and obey, the man whom of all others they detested, and him, a *crucified* man!—to consecrate

themselves for time and eternity, to an executed criminal, on whom the scorn of the world rested.

And yet Paul was the last man to outrage the feelings of his fellow-men. His life was an example of Christian courtesy. But he held a commission from Heaven. He felt that *necessity* was laid upon him. "Yea," he said, "woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." He would gladly have pleased his hearers, but it was his first business to please his Master. Willingly would he have preached to them acceptable doctrine, but he must preach the preaching which God had bidden him. He was willing to be the unpopular preacher of a hated doctrine among them, if he might win some of them to Christ, and forever rejoice with them in their salvation. Such a result of his preaching he did hope for, and, to accomplish it, he resolved to lay aside every other consideration, and throw the whole force of his ardent and powerful mind into the one work of preaching "Christ and him crucified." He had no confidence in human eloquence, or learning, or wisdom, to save the soul, and give it everlasting happiness,— but he did know that the Gospel, "the preaching of the Cross," was "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" and he wisely resolved to have no concern with anything else.

Such, we repeat, should be the purpose of every minister of Christ, as he enters upon his work.

But how much is implied in the phrase, "Jesus Christ and him crucified"? What are the limits to that one subject to which the minister of the Gospel is

to confine himself? Is every sermon he preaches to be specifically upon Christ, as crucified to make an atonement for sinners? Is he never to preach, nor even converse, upon other topics? Is he never to enforce the *practical* duties of religion,— never to advocate the cause of temperance, or moral purity, or honesty? Or if he may do this, may he draw his arguments from nó other source than directly from a crucified Saviour? Must he be conscientiously indifferent to the social and intellectual condition of his people? — take no interest in education, or in any of the great plans for human improvement? Must he moreover refuse to *know* anything about these subjects,— be *ignorant* of the most common things, and of what is passing around him,— shut his eyes to the wonderful events of the present age — the glorious things which God is bringing to pass,— and live and act as though there was but one single subject upon which he — of all men — should have any knowledge or concern? Can he not inform himself of the facts of history, and derive from them his own lessons of wisdom,— enrich his mind with the treasures of science and literature, keep himself familiar with the political aspect of the nations, and even take part in those great movements that affect his own country and the world, without overstepping the bounds of his commission? Surely, this would be a strange way of complying with the Apostle's own direction, to make himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed! Such a course would be rapidly progressive, but it would be backward towards a state

of absolute barbarism and imbecility! It would be to cultivate vigorously the *root*, but to determine that neither fruit, nor leaf, nor branch should ever be produced! Nothing could be farther from the Apostle's meaning.

What did he mean? Look at his object. He went into the gay and voluptuous city of Corinth, to labor for the salvation of its inhabitants. There was idolatry there, and of course all the immorality that is inseparably connected with it. There was selfishness, and sin, and misery, in various forms, and the people were living without solid and satisfactory enjoyment, and dying, in Paul's view, without hope — going into an eternity of despair. His object was to apply a remedy — one that would render them holy, give them peace of mind even in the midst of afflictions, and afford them the sure prospect of eternal joy. What *was* such a remedy? For this purpose, he had no confidence in the arts of civilization, none whatever in any degree of cultivation and refinement. Human learning, and wisdom, and eloquence were important in their place, but they could not save the soul from sin and death. For this, Paul relied entirely and exclusively on the *religion of Jesus Christ.* And the essential feature of this was, *faith in the crucified Jesus.* As a means of accomplishing his object, he would have nothing to do with anything else but this. And this is what he meant by saying, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

This is a great and expansive subject,— sufficient to call forth the highest powers of the most gifted men. In view of it, the Apostle himself exclaimed: "Who is sufficient for all these things?" The work of the Christian ministry — as expressed by that one phrase, "Jesus Christ, and him crucified," — includes the setting forth *Christ* and his great work of human redemption,— a clear explanation of the way of life through Christ,— a full exposition of all the doctrines and duties of Christianity; in a word, it embraces the explaining and enforcing of all that God has revealed to men, respecting his own character and government, and their opinions, practices, and character.

To specify some things: — The minister of Christ must set forth the truth of God, precisely as it is revealed to us, and see that its character is properly understood. He must make no compromise, either of the divine justice or mercy, but represent all of God's Attributes as constituting one harmonious character —a God of love. He must make a full exhibition of the character of *man*, as a fallen and depraved being, and justly exposed to the wrath of God. He must show man's entire dependence on God's sovereign grace, and the nature and ground of that dependence, his need of a Saviour, and the regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. And constrained by the love of Christ, and feeling the deepest sympathy and compassion for those who are without a good hope, and longing for their salvation, he must pray them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. And

no unwillingness among his people to hear certain subjects discussed, and no opposition to certain doctrines, should lead him to shrink for one moment from declaring the whole counsel of God.

But the business of the minister of the Gospel is not merely to state the doctrines of Christianity,—he must also enforce its duties. Christ has laid down certain principles, according to which it is the duty of all men to act. These principles are to govern them at all times and under all circumstances. They are the essential principles of the religion of Christ,—those which he established by his life and death. Whoever preaches "Jesus Christ, and him crucified," must preach these principles. And these, as we have said, are to be carried into every department of life. They are applicable to the entire range of human conduct. And co-extensive with their application is the range of subjects upon which the minister of Christ may properly dwell. He may follow the man of business to the counting-room, and insist that in every transaction he shall do to others as he would that others should do to him, for such is the command of the crucified Saviour. He may follow the politician in his canvassing tour, and go with the voters to the polls, and declare the duty of each to act in the name of Christ, and with a view to promote his cause. He may preach against the sins of rulers; and if they make laws which favor oppression, or wickedness in any form, he may exhibit the wickedness of such laws, and point out the duty of his people respecting them.

And if he is accused of intermeddling with politics, or of introducing subjects with which he has no concern, he can reply that politicians have intermeddled with the laws and directions of the crucified Jesus, and that his own proper business is to proclaim those laws and directions, and declare the sin of all who presume to disobey them. If his people become worldly-minded, and apply themselves so closely to their business during the week as to be unfitted for the duties of the Sabbath, he may reprove them for thus taking the best to themselves, and devoting the sick and the lame to God. And if they are too selfish and covetous to engage heartily in the work of giving the blessings of the Gospel to all men, he may show them that they have neither the spirit of the crucified Saviour, nor of those that belong to him. Against all forms of iniquity he is to raise his voice like a trumpet, and show the people their transgressions. It is not sin in the abstract against which he is to contend,— sin which nobody has committed, and for which nobody is accountable, but the actual sins of which the people with whom he has to do are *guilty*. And if he does not tell them in so many words, "Thou art the man," he should at least bring home the charge so closely as to awaken the earnest inquiry, "Lord, is it I?" And all the virtues of religion,— whatsoever is lovely and of good report,— he may advocate in his preaching. He may, on the authority of the Gospel of the crucified One, preach upon temperance, upon human freedom, upon honesty — even *political* righteousness, and often

call upon his people for the means of spreading the Gospel, and not go a whit beyond the limits of the one great theme, "Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" though some may complain that he does not preach the Gospel, because, forsooth, he preaches what the Gospel enjoins!

The Cross of Christ is the central point of Christianity. Every part of the great plan of salvation diverges from it. And yet, simply considered, it is a means to an end. Christ died that he might reconcile the world to God. "He died for all, that they which live might not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." "Jesus Christ, and him crucified," should be preached, in order to produce *practical holiness* among men. And unless men should labor without any reference to results,—unless the farmer should plough his ground and sow his seed with no reference to the harvest, then the minister of Christ is chiefly concerned with *such an application* of the Gospel as will produce the fruits of holiness—holiness in the heart—leading to rectitude of conduct in all the pursuits of life.

Such is the instrumentality by which the minister of the Gospel is to accomplish his work,—the remedy which he is to apply for the imperfections, the guilt and woes of man;—"Jesus Christ, and him crucified." If this fails, he can attempt nothing more. His one and only business is to persuade men to receive the crucified Christ as their Lord and Saviour, and voluntarily to conform to the rules and regulations of his

kingdom. And he is to attend his people in all their courses of action, and in the name of the crucified Jesus show them that they can be placed in no possible circumstances when they are at liberty to set aside one of these rules and regulations. And all this he is to enforce by the powerful sanctions of eternity, drawn from God's Word.

This great theme, "Christ, and him crucified," thus preached, is well fitted to *secure the attention* of men. Notwithstanding the thoughtlessness of so many, there is a feeling of want within the human heart,—an unsatisfied desire,—a craving for some inexperienced good. There is also a secret feeling of guilt, and a vague dread of coming evil. The soul is not at rest. The religion of Christ proposes a direct and effectual remedy for this, offering substantial and lasting peace.

It also explains to each one his real wants, and the precise mode of satisfying them. It flatters him not by reminding him of his good intentions and acts, and of God's being disposed to overlook the shortcomings of imperfect men; but it shows him how God can be just, and save the very chief of sinners. The plain preaching of "Jesus Christ crucified" for sinners excites a deeper interest in the awakened soul than all the graces of oratory or the richest treasures of human wisdom.

And it is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." What has it accomplished for our race! Look over Christendom and see its

blessed effects on the social and intellectual, and even the physical, condition of society! All this is through its influence on the heart. It is the working out of God's benevolent plan for human salvation. Man — sinful, ruined man — is transformed into the image of his Saviour, and the unspeakable rejoicings of the multitude of the saved for eternity will attest the influence and blessedness of the preacher's work.

With two or three remarks I will close.

1. You see what are my views of the work of a Christian minister,— the object he should set before him, and the means of accomplishing it. His business is not to gratify the literary taste of his hearers,— to thrill them by his eloquence, or fascinate them by the beauties of style or graces of manner. He should not for a moment entertain the thought that when before them he is a proper subject of criticism in respect to any such things,— that he is to stand approved or condemned by any such standard of judgment. He is with them for a more important object,— to treat with them, in the name of a crucified Redeemer, for their spiritual and eternal interests. And as he loves their souls, he will be *earnest* in this work. He cannot be at rest while any of them are unblest by the Saviour's love, and exposed to eternal banishment from his presence. His prayer by day and night will be, that with penitence for the past, they may all yield an affectionate trust in Jesus, and receive a sure hope of everlasting felicity. He may seek out well-chosen words, and lend attraction to his discourse by the em-

bellishments of style, but it is only that the truth may find readier access to their hearts. He may be a diligent student of nature, and explore the depths of science, but it is that he may be able the more richly to illustrate the goodness of God. He will cultivate his own powers to the highest degree, and enrich his mind with the most varied and valuable stores of knowledge — not in order to gain personal distinction, as a man of learning and talents, but that he may the better feed the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer, and secure the final salvation of his people. As he stands before them in the congregation, or attends them in their griefs and weeps over their sorrows, or meets them on festive occasions, or mingles in their society to cultivate the intimacy of friendship, this will be his prevailing desire — their everlasting joy in the presence of God, when called away from the scenes of earth. To obtain this, he has but one thing to offer, "Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

2. The minister must be his own judge as to the *manner* in which he shall perform the duties of his office. So far as God has given directions, he must strictly follow them, but he must use his *own* powers in interpreting those directions. And then many things are left to his discretion and wisdom. In respect to ability and skill in "rightly dividing the Word of Truth," so as to give to each a portion in due season, there are various degrees, and perhaps no two ministers would precisely agree, in all respects, what

course to pursue. Each one must be guided by his own judgment. He must determine for himself what particular topics he will introduce in his preaching, and on what occasions, and what prominence he shall give to particular doctrines. And in the entire course of his ministry he must "study to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He may err in judgment, but this is the common infirmity of all men. He will, of course, consult the views and feelings of his people; he will confer with his brethren. Some of these brethren may be far wiser than himself; still it is not *their* wisdom but his own that is always to guide him in his course. If he cannot be trusted to act according to his own judgment, but must look to superior minds to direct him in the sacred office, surely he is not competent to fill that office. We hold to the perfect equality of ministers, in respect of authority, as also that of church members. And as each must give account of his own stewardship to God, each must act on his own responsibility.

3. Finally, the minister of Christ, and especially the pastor of a Christian church, is called to a good work. He sustains a very endearing relation to his people. No faithful minister can dwell long among an affectionate Christian people as their pastor without having his own heart bound to them by strong ties of attachment. The nature of his work leads to this. He is ever with them as their friend, and their children's friend, and deeply sympathizes with them in all their varied circumstances. He devotes his best ener-

gies to their good. They are ever on his mind. Not a joy of theirs but gladdens his heart, and their every sorrow makes him sad. He seeks to gain them as "seals of his ministry," and hopes that they will be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ. Can he help loving them with increasing affection? And then he acts as an ambassador of the *Crucified Saviour*, in persuading his people to be reconciled to God. And as he performs the duties of his ministry, and as the result sees wickedness checked, animosities, and strifes, and envyings and backbiting kept out, and the power of selfishness weakened, and good principles established, and souls converted, and saints engaging with more and more heartfelt interest in every good work, and thus sees that Christ owns and blesses his labors, and dwells among his people, he cannot but rejoice, and feel that he is engaged in a most blessed work. May this work to which you, dear friends, have called me be blessed to us all, both temporally and spiritually, and result in our mutual and everlasting joy in the presence of Jesus Christ, our crucified Redeemer. Amen.

SERMON

PREACHED BY

REV. MYRON N. MORRIS,

AT WEST HARTFORD, APRIL 18, 1875.

PSALM 4 : 6.

"There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

Among those who have not found that peace of God which lifts the soul above earthly things, there is a general state of unrest, a disquietude of spirit that detracts largely from the highest enjoyment. Each one has his sorrow, his trouble, his vexation, his inconvenience, his regrets, his unfavoring condition or circumstances, from which he is anxiously looking for some way of escape. The present position and employment are not quite satisfactory; the prevailing views and customs in the community are not altogether agreeable; privileges for improvement are too limited; or one feels himself too little appreciated to suit his aspirations, and opportunities are insufficient for the development and occupation of his own talents. To some, all affairs, public and private, are disjointed and out of place. To some, their children are a source of ceaseless solicitude. Some are entangled in pecuniary embarrassment, or even feel

the gnawings of poverty, and seek for remunerative employment only to meet with disappointment till the heart is sick; while others are disquieted lest some of their possessions should melt away. One carries in his heart unavailing regrets over some missteps in the past, and over the future of another dark clouds have gathered. One feels lonely and longs for sympathy and companionship, and another is depressed with the feeling that his life is useless, and that there is no good in prospect. Some repine at the necessity of toil and self-denial, while others would gladly give their vast wealth for the sweet sleep, and keen appetite, and freedom from care of the laboring man. Thus every one has his burden, — is made more or less unhappy by the want of something which he cannot obtain, or by the desire of some change which never comes. And the general cry is, "Who will show us any good?"

In vain do men seek for peace of mind in this direction. A restless disquietude may drive them from place to place, and from one change to another, but only to be disquieted still. Happiness cannot thus be found. A heathen poet had the wisdom to write:

"Coelum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

They who fly across the ocean change the sky above them, not their disposition. Happy when even Christians fully and practically learn this great truth. True rest for the spirit from all these troubles is found alone in the love of God. The Psalmist understood this. It

is what we all need. And instead of inquiring with restless desire, Who will show us any good? it were better that we should look up to him who can fill our souls with light, and love, and peace, and pray, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

The image here is of God, raising his head, and turning his face, beaming with love, full upon you, as perhaps when the rising sun lifts his glowing face upon the rejoicing earth. Such a token of personal recognition, and love, and complete protection from God, amid the sorrows and troubles incident to this life, satisfies the soul. What we want then is faith in God, as an almighty, wise, upright, and benevolent being, — and especially as a loving Father and personal Redeemer.

1. We want confidence in him as one that loves us, and is disposed to do us good. If I mistake not, the Scriptures uniformly represent God as desiring the welfare of men. True, we are sinners, and as such under condemnation. We certainly have no claims to his favor. But what is he doing? He is administering through Christ his Son, our Redeemer, a mediatorial government over this world, — is offering pardon and salvation to as many as will believe in Jesus. The invitations of the Gospel are universal, and his solemn charge is that they be extended to all men. And the entire spirit and tendency of the Gospel are to bring all men to Christ. God is engaged in a saving work with men. He "is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that

all should come to repentance." There are, indeed, many passages in the Bible that speak of God as "a consuming fire," as being "angry with the wicked every day," and as entertaining purposes of vengeance upon them. But are not all these predicated upon that malignity which sets God at defiance, or profanely rejects his proffered grace? And is there any threatening of evil upon men except for this persistent impenitence? No, — punishment is God's strange work, and he comes to it with pity and grief. And though it is a fearful thing to live in impenitence under his grace, and still more fearful to go to the judgment in this state, yet while their probation lasts, God desires to have all men come to him, and be his obedient children, and partake of the rich blessings of his grace.

Now what every person needs, to give him true rest of spirit, is a confidence in God as a loving Father, — and also tokens of his own acceptance in Christ as a beloved child. He needs to be sensible of his own sinfulness, of the free rich grace of Christ his Redeemer, and of the ceaseless tender regard of his Heavenly Father, into whose family he has been adopted as an heir of Heaven.

2. We need to have confidence in God as having arranged for us in the wisest and most benevolent manner, in relation to our birth, condition, and circumstances. We might complain that thorns and briars, poisonous serpents, ferocious beasts, and annoying vermin infest the earth, that sickness, and pain,

and death are the lot of man, but we are not to forget that we belong to a fallen race, and that the earth is cursed with sin. We should remember that God, by all the instrumentalities and influences of his grace, is at work, remedying these evils. And this should more than satisfy us, and fill us with gratitude. As to our personality and condition, we might indulge in repining because we were not endowed with more brilliant gifts, and born to more perfect health, — to richer privileges, to a higher or more influential social position, and to brighter prospects. But who are we, that we should thus sit in judgment on our Maker's arrangements, or so ungratefully find fault with what he has done for us? Indeed, why did God make such a world, and people it with such beings, and establish such laws, and relations, and tendencies? Are we, the creatures of a day, too ignorant wisely to direct our own petty concerns, able to instruct the Almighty in relation to his universal system of creation? If not, let every breath of discontent and murmuring in relation to our personal condition and circumstances, as arranged by God, be hushed. Read God's searching words to Job in relation to this very point. We are too ignorant, and short-sighted, and selfish, to suggest a single change in these things. What he shall create, how he shall govern and direct his own work, and especially how he shall treat the individuals and individual concerns of a sinful race, *we* may certainly well leave to the Judge of all the earth, and Saviour of men!

But even we can understand something of our Heavenly Father's love and wisdom in creating different orders of beings, and in the variety of condition which he has established among men. You wish that you had an inheritance of wealth, and were under no necessity of labor. Would you have all born in that condition? For surely you will not ask that for yourself which you would not also desire for all others. If there are to be those who by reason of wealth are to rely on the service of others, there must be others in a condition to seek such service, else wealth would be of no avail for such a purpose. If there are to be employers, there must also be the employed. If capital is to be employed in enterprises, there must be labor to be employed by capital, or it can accomplish nothing. On the other hand, if a man without pecuniary means wishes to get on in the world, he must find somebody willing to employ him, and able to pay him for his services. And by the blessing of God, he may advance to affluence, a man all the more energetic, and skillful, and sympathizing, and every way more noble, for having been laid under the necessity of making something of himself by his own exertions. And even he, in midst of his full prosperity, may sometimes regretfully think of the more happy, hopeful days of his small beginning. Surely, the advantage is not altogether on the side of him who is born to an inheritance of wealth. And so of all the different conditions and circumstances of men. We cannot sufficiently admire the wisdom and goodness of God in arranging

all these differences, and establishing through them a universal system of mutual dependencies, thus bringing all under one common interest, so that the prosperity of one class shall promote the prosperity of every other. And he is the most worthy of praise, and the happiest, who best fills the station assigned by Providence. These remarks are not designed to favor any form or degree of caste, or exclusiveness. Caste is opposed to God's arrangement. So far as we have to do with the matter, we would have every individual free to make the most of himself, — for the honor of God, and the welfare of man, in the way most satisfactory to himself and for which he may be best fitted; and we would have all honors and rewards equally open to all, according to their individual work and ability.

Cease then this uneasiness and disquietude about your condition and circumstances; rather behold in it the loving kindness of your Heavenly Father, and while you cheerfully walk in the path he opens for you, let your spirit find rest and peace in the light of his countenance.

3. We want also, in order to our freedom from disquietude of mind, to have confidence in God as directing our way in life. Many there are who are dissatisfied with present circumstances, and yet do not know how to change them. They are not quite pleased with the past, and are uncertain and anxious about the future. They are undertaking to direct their own steps, or else they have not full confidence in the love

of God, as directing them. No one acting upon this principle, and with this feeling, can be at rest. For who has control of those circumstances and events that very seriously affect himself? The most wisely laid plans are liable to fail. Besides, even if one was able to control affairs, who knows what will prove for his own substantial good? A young man, in casting about to secure his own best interests, discovers an opening of exceeding promise. He occupies it, and by connections and complications wholly unforeseen he is led into deep trouble, or even ruin. Another, having committed his way unto the Lord, sees that same opening, but by some providential hindrance cannot avail himself of it, and thus is saved from all disaster. Ye who trust in the Lord for guidance, recall the events of your past history, — have you not often had occasion to bless God that your plans were defeated, and your wishes crossed, that you were held back from something which, at the time, seemed exceedingly desirable; that you were not permitted to prosper in some enterprise which you had undertaken? And have you not been led into the possession of some of the choicest blessings of your life by some providential event, something entirely independent of your own agency or plans? In the main, probably, God guides your judgment and blesses your plans and undertakings, but it is not safe to lean to your own understanding. Fond but wise parent, how do you manage your own child, that child so dear to your heart? Do you not impose restraints upon it, and cross its wishes,

and disappoint its hopes, and all for its own best welfare, because you cannot bear to see evil come upon it? Let us have confidence in our Heavenly Father in respect to his providential arrangements for us, commit our way unto him, use our best judgment and discretion in things committed to our direction, seeking his guidance, and set our hearts at rest in relation to the course of events, "be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

4. We need to have confidence in God as really sympathizing with us, and sustaining us in all the painful and unpleasant experiences of our lives. You meet with a grievous calamity, perchance like one of those which came upon Job. You say in your heart, I have met with a misfortune. How much I have labored to obtain this good! How much I have depended on it, and anticipated in the enjoyment of it! And now it is taken away from me. All that labor has been in vain; all these hopes have ended in disappointment. It is an utter loss, so much happiness taken away, and misery substituted in its place. Does God notice? Does he care? If he is good, — if he is my friend, why does he permit such things? Yes, God does notice, and he is good, and your friend; and he brought this upon you, by design; there is no mistake, no fate, no mishap, no chance about it; and if you receive it

with a meek, submissive, trusting spirit, it will prove, not a loss, but a most blessed thing for you, producing in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. For remember you belong to a sinful race. Christ, we trust, has redeemed you, breathed into you the new life, and you are a child of God, and are to dwell in one of those mansions prepared for his children. But you are not yet fit to be received there. The clods of earth hang around you. The attachments of earth still too closely cling to you. The eyes of your faith are still dimmed by the dust of earth. You savor in spirit too much of the things that be of man, and too little of the things that be of God. And this misfortune, as you call it, is designed to brighten you into a shining Christian character. The most depressing influence of the afflictions, and burdens, and sorrows we bear, arises from the feeling that they are evil, — evil to us, and only evil, that no good comes from them. Under such an impression, how could perfect acquiescence and rest of spirit be possible? But it is not so. There is no labor or hardship we undergo in the work of life, that is more remunerative than those trials which God sends, if we bear them with a submissive spirit. This world is not for the rearing of monuments of personal pride, for the accumulation of fortunes, nor altogether for personal enjoyment, — though these may be desirable in their way where there is nothing to hinder; it is — in God's benevolent designs — for a higher purpose, for the discipline, the perfecting, the brightening of the soul, the bringing it into a re-

semblance to Jesus; and any chiseling, or chipping, or rasping, and rubbing, that will best effect this may be well endured. We willingly endure so much as this sometimes to cure even some physical ill. Some surfaces are hard to polish, and so we are subjected to the daily and hourly chafings, and frictions, the jostlings, and bruisings, necessary to wear off our asperities and bring out gradually the "beauty of holiness." These little vexations and annoyances, rightly improved, teach us patience, and forbearance, and sympathy, and love. If God then will lift upon us the light of his countenance, and let us know that he loves us, and has taken us into his hands for this blessed purpose, feeling for us the most tender sympathy the while, may we not feel that there is nothing better to be desired?

Would you gladly escape the discipline of unpleasant necessities, and burdens, and trials? Go scan the character of that young person who has grown up under this principle, has always been pampered and indulged, has never had his wishes crossed, nor his will subdued, has had no restraints imposed, nor tasks assigned, has been accustomed not to please and to serve, but to have all others yield their wishes to his, has never endured any hardship, or self-denial, nor been obliged to perform any useful labor; that person, as a child, at the age when ordinary children are lovely and attractive, was absolutely hateful, its little face reddening with anger at any thing that displeased it, and its little hands and feet giving violent demonstration of

its inward rage, selfishly claiming the best of everything, and if it was not instantly given up, showing that same violent temper; and so that child has grown up becoming more and more perverse, until now, his presence is almost unendurable. Such an example may be rare; but how many do we meet who are self-willed, who cannot brook restraint, or opposition, who are slaves to an indulged appetite, who are inefficient, and unequal to any noble work, and all from want of proper discipline! O my friends, instead of disquietude under the seeming evils we meet, let us rather thank God for them. They are a token of good. "For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. . . . Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness."

Do you try to work your spirits into resignation from the thought that these afflictions and evils may be made up to you in the world to come? Yes, and more than made up, by the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But in this life you are more than compensated. Are not an increased faith in God, submission, patience, sympathy, love, a spirit cheerful and trusting, a full compensation for many a trial? And such graces, once attained, will forever shine.

But can a man whose earthly hopes have been all

blasted, whose life-accumulations have all disappeared, hold up his head, and walk as joyously, and hopefully, and energetically as before? Why not, if he understands the true essence and end of life? He need not go like a broken-down man, who has lost his all, and is waiting for death to end his disappointment and misery. If the light of God's countenance be lifted upon him, assuring him of the divine love, and if his calamity has brought him nearer to God, he has met with no loss, but an unspeakable gain. The remaining years of Job's life, after his afflictions, were more blessed than any of the preceding ones, and would have been, even if his worldly prosperity had not returned, because he was in every way a so much better man.

It may require time, and much self-discipline to work this intellectual view of the case into the feelings of the heart, or really to feel as we know we ought to feel. Trials are not pleasant in present experience. They sometimes come like a shock under which we reel. But under their working, so painful to bear, we may be schooled to a new resignation, and submission, and patience, and experience, and hope, and joy. Then we may learn to meet cheerfully and hopefully the necessary evils and vexations incident to our condition, bearing one another's burdens, and expecting by all the necessities and demands of life, to be wrought more and more into the image of our glorious Lord and Pattern.

Let us then seek, in the light of God's countenance, in the manifestation of his love to us, deliverance from

that disquiet and unrest which so generally mar the happiness of the children of this world. God is all right, there is no mistake, no neglect, not one thing to be corrected in any thing he does. He has created a world perfectly fitted to its end; and as it is full of sin and disorder, he is managing it in the most perfect manner for its deliverance. In our own existence, in our personal being, condition and circumstances, and in our whole course of life under providence, we have only occasion for gratitude. And when we think of the great salvation in Christ Jesus, and of the remarkable fact that all the restraints, and necessities, and burdens, and demands for exertion and self-denial, and even the most trying experiences of life, are made to contribute to the development of our entire being to the brightening of our Christian graces, and to our complete transformation into the likeness of Christ, so that we shall share in his glory, we may well be filled with exultation, or with the peace of God which passeth knowledge. For what more, or different can we desire?

STATISTICAL RECORD.

Myron Newton Morris, born at Warren, Conn., Nov. 19, 1810.

At school of Hon. Hawley Olmstead, Wilton, Conn., May 3, 1832, to Aug. 23, 1833.

Entered Yale College, October, 1833. Graduated, August 16, 1837.

Principal of Bacon Academy, Colchester, Conn., February, 1837, to September, 1838; also from May, 1840, to September, 1843; going back to Yale to graduate, after beginning to teach.

Instructor in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at the Teachers Seminary, Andover, Mass., October, 1838, to April, 1840.

Studied theology privately during his years of teaching.

Licensed to preach by the Association of New London County, Conn., September 26, 1843.

Took private pupils at Colchester, Conn., in 1844.

Principal of Norwich Town High School, Conn., January to September, 1845.

Ordained pastor of Congregational Church in North Stonington, Conn., April 15, 1846. Dismissed, June 15, 1852.

Installed pastor of Congregational Church in West Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1852. Dismissed, April 27, 1875.

Trustee of Bacon Academy, May, 1851, to July 7, 1864.

Register of General Association of Connecticut, June, 1854, to June, 1866.

Trustee of Missionary Society of Connecticut, June, 1855, to June, 1877.

Director of Auxiliary to American Home Missionary Society, June, 1855, to June, 1863.

Vice-President and director of Hartford County Auxiliary Missionary Society, September, 1856, to (date unknown).

Member of Corporation of Yale College, July, 1867, to July 9, 1885.

Vice-President of Connecticut Bible Society, May 5, 1868, to May 9, 1882.

Auditor of Missionary Society of Connecticut, June, 1877, to November, 1880.

Secretary of Missionary Society of Connecticut, July, 1877, to November, 1880.

Representative from West Hartford to Connecticut Legislature, 1872 and 1875.

Died at West Hartford, Conn., July 9, 1885.

PUBLISHED DISCOURSES.

"A Discourse delivered at the Dedication of the Congregational House of Worship in North Stonington, Conn., July 27 1848." Historical.

"Two Discourses, delivered March 8, and 15, 1863, on the Completion of a Century and a half from the Organization of the Congregational Church in West Hartford, Conn."

"Historical Discourse before the General Conference of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut, delivered at New Haven, November 15, 1876." Being the second of "two historical discourses delivered on successive evenings, referring, in part, at least, to the relations of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut to the civil government, and to popular education and social reforms. One of these discourses to cover the period preceding the Declaration of Independence; the other, the period subsequent to that event;" the first delivered by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.

Sketch of Rev. Joseph Fish, in Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

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